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JUNE

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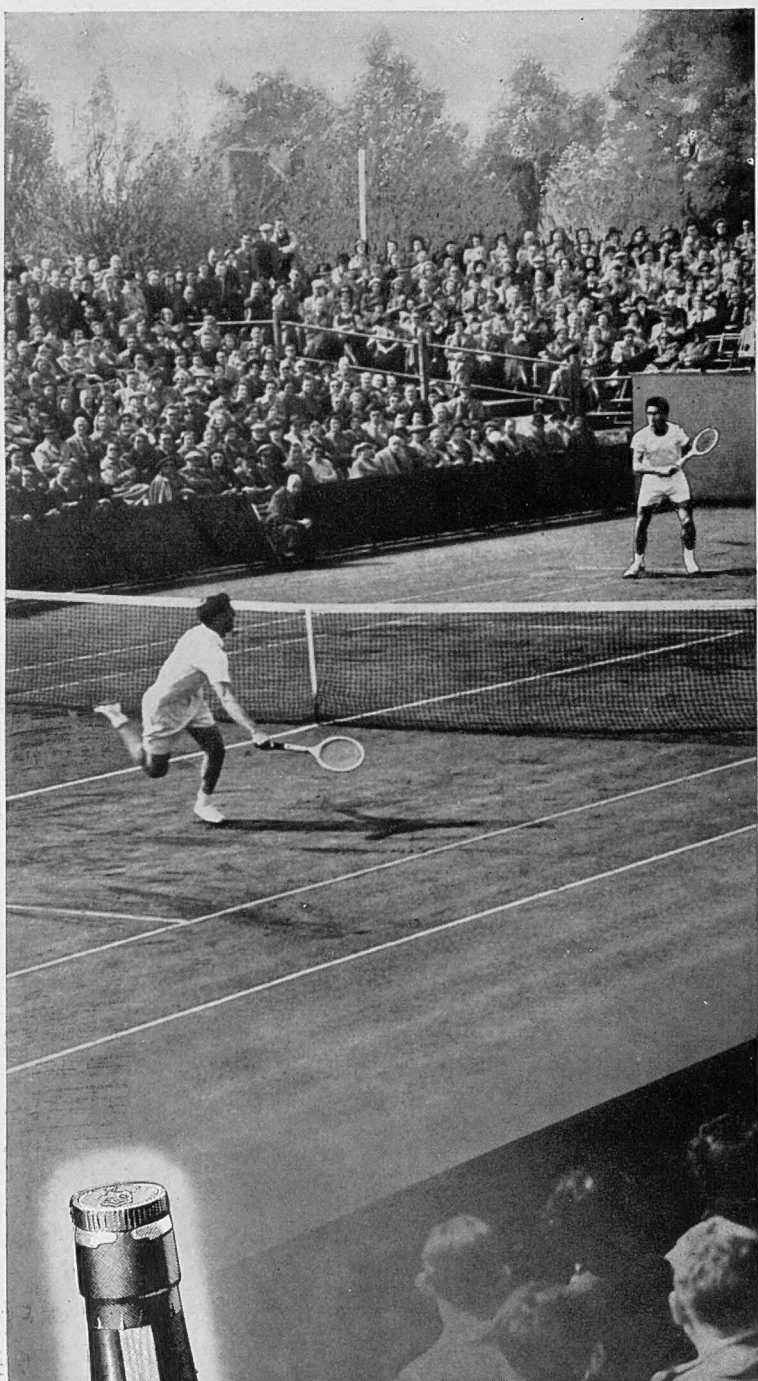
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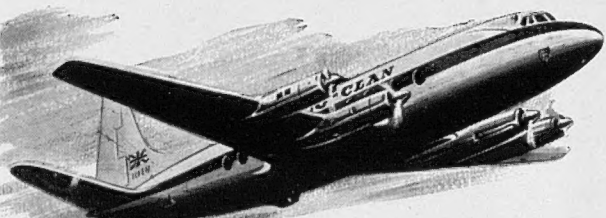


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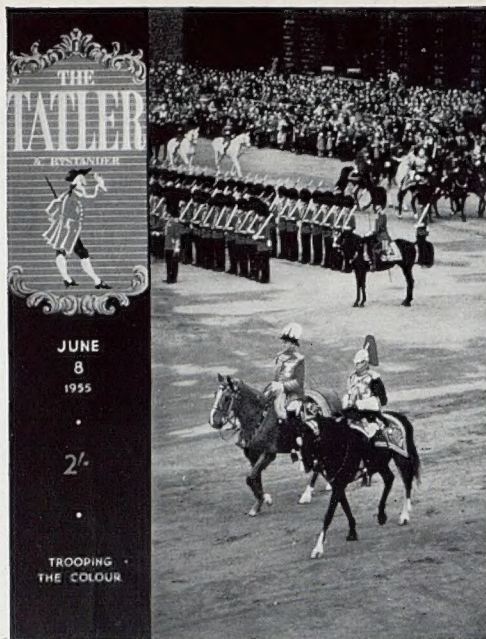
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The TATLER and Bystander, JUNE 8, 1955





TROOPING THE COLOUR is the subject of the photograph on our cover this week. This historic ceremony of the reigning Sovereign's birthday parade is one of the most colourful and impressive ceremonials left in the world today. This year the first battalion of the Scots Guards, the colonel of whom is H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, will be Trooping the Colour, though detachments of other Guards regiments and of the Household Cavalry are present. In the foreground of the picture are the Master of the Horse and the Gold Stick-in-Waiting—the Duke of Beaufort and Maj.-Gen. Sir Richard Howard-Vyse respectively

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 8 to June 15

June 8 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opens the Museum of Costume at Eridge Castle, Tunbridge Wells.

Princess Marie Louise attends British Osteopathic Association's Ball at Claridge's.

Countess Mountbatten of Burma opens the Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House.

May Week begins at Cambridge.

Glyndebourne Festival opens until July 26 with *The Marriage Of Figaro*.

The Countess of Dundee's dance for her daughter, Miss Hermione Faulkner, at the Dorchester Hotel.

An Art Sale at Christie's in aid of Save the Children Fund, at 8 p.m., 8 King's Street, St. James's.

Cricket: Middlesex v. Kent at Lord's.

Racing at Brighton and at Lincoln (both for two days).

June 9 (Thur.) The Queen's Official Birthday. Note: Her Majesty should have attended her Birthday Parade at the Horse Guards Parade, and, later, at Buckingham Palace, have taken the salute at an R.A.F. fly-past. This has been postponed owing to the railway strike.

Parliament opens.

Richmond Royal Horse Show (three days).

Cricket: first Test match England v. South Africa at Nottingham (five days).

Countess Cadogan's dance for her daughter, Lady Sarah Cadogan, at Claridge's.

Summer dance at the Lansdowne Club, Berkeley Square.

First nights of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, at the Arts Theatre, with Mary Ellis and Mary Morris, and *The Lady And The Fool* (Winter Garden).

June 10 (Fri.) The Duke of Edinburgh's birthday. June Ball at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Comar Wilson's dance for their daughters, Miss Jane Sheffield and

Miss Caroline Wilson, at Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, Hants.

Mrs. Nigel Jackaman's dance for her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Jackaman, at Brook House, Stoke Poges, Bucks.

Racing at Ayr, Sandown and Thirsk (all two days).

June 11 (Sat.) Mrs. Albert Kaplan and Mrs. David Hindley-Smith's dance for Mrs. Hindley-Smith's daughters, Miss Sarah and Miss Amanda Legge, at The Priory, Lamberhurst, Kent.

Racing at Worcester.

Cricket: Middlesex v. Lancashire at Lord's and Surrey v. Essex at the Oval.

One-Day Event at Cholmondeley Castle, Cheshire.

June 12 (Sun.) Polo at Cowdray at 3.30 p.m. First round of the Cicero Cup.

June 13 (Mon.) May Week dances at Cambridge. Christ's College, First and Third Trinity Boat Club, Clare College and Gonville and Caius College. Lady Flavia Anderson, Lady Gurney and Mrs. Douglas Parker's dance for their daughters, Miss Rohais Anderson, Miss Richenda Gurney and Miss Fiona Parker, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Leicester.

June 14 (Tues.) Royal Ascot Meeting (four days) the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh attending.

May Week, Cambridge, dances at St. John's, Pembroke, Queen's, Downing, Jesus and Selwyn Colleges.

Mrs. Winthrop W. Aldrich's dance for Miss Cynthia Butterworth at the U.S. Embassy, Regent's Park.

June 15 (Wed.) Cambridge May Week dance at Magdalene College.

Guards Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead.

Cricket: M.C.C. v. Oxford University at Lord's. Surrey v. Cambridge University at the Oval.

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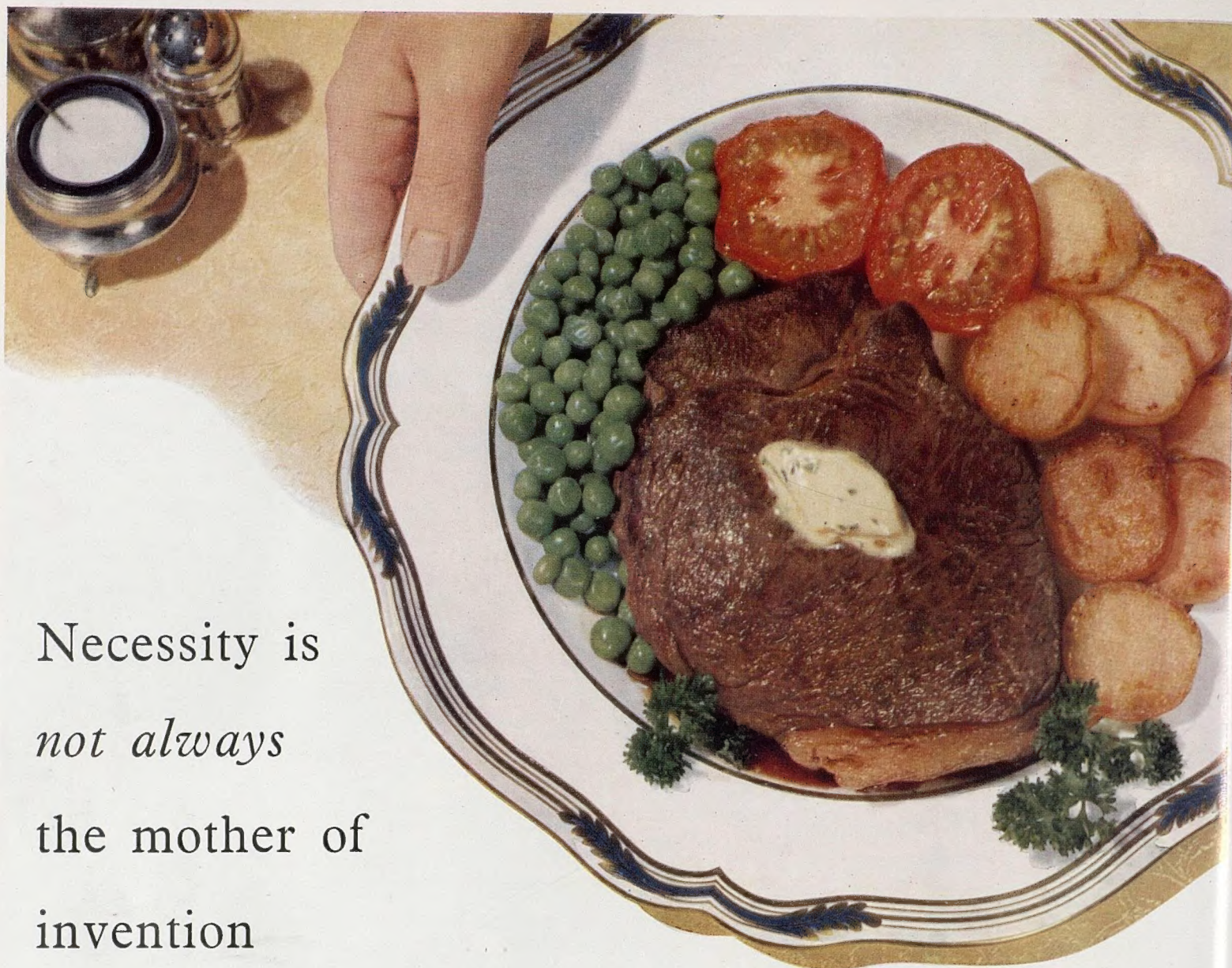


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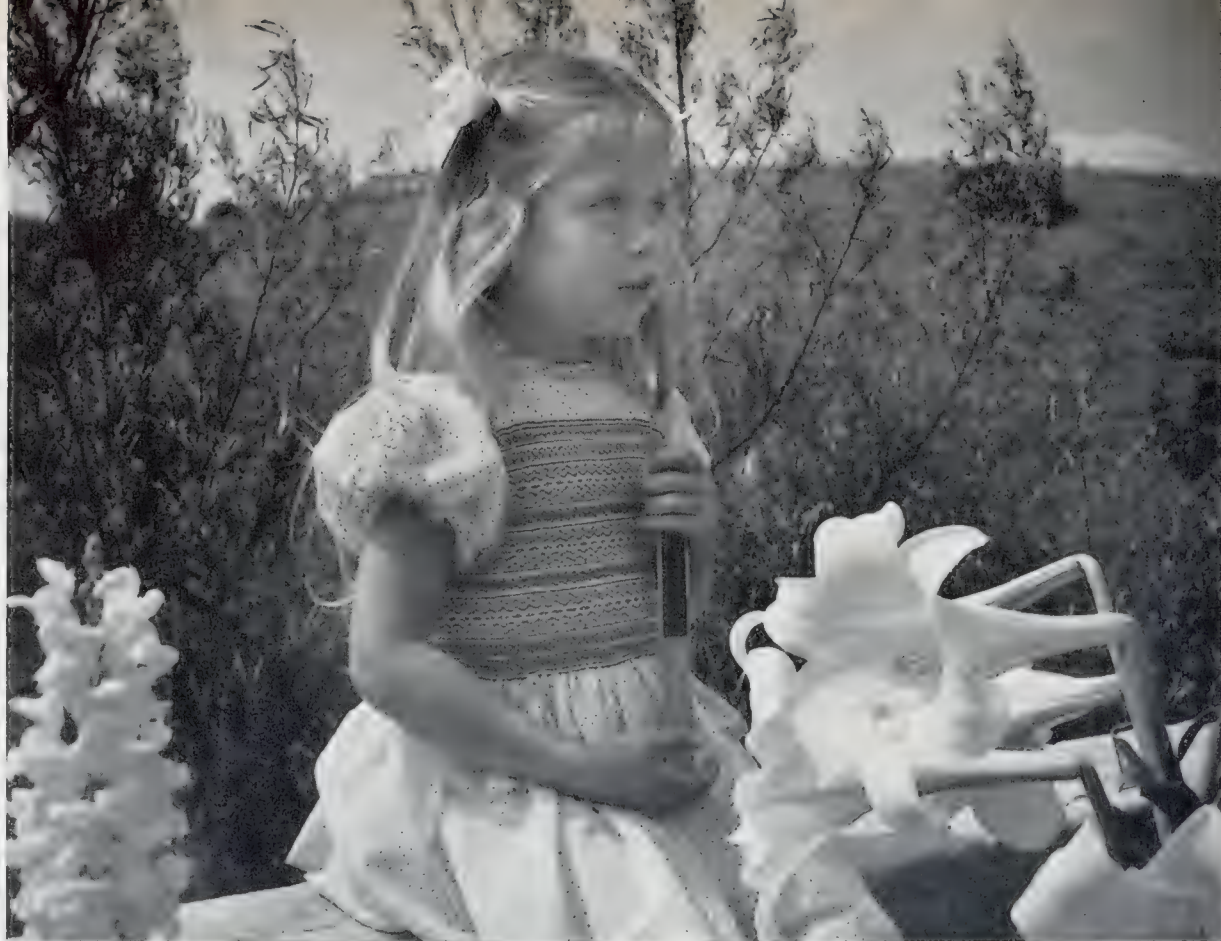


Her Majesty at Chelsea

IN her deep interest in flowers and gardens the Queen follows the example of her mother and Queen Mary, and on her visit to Chelsea Flower Show revealed an enthusiasm and knowledge which delighted the organizers. Here the Queen is seen indicating a rock garden feature which took her attention. She was conducted around the exhibits by her uncle, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon (right). More pictures on p. 575

IN A GARDEN OF BERMUDA

MARY JEAN is the four-year-old only child of Sir Harold Mitchell, Bt., and Lady Mitchell. She is seen in the garden of her parents' home at Marshall's Island, Bermuda. Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell, who come to England for a short stay every summer, also own Prospect, Ocho Rios, in Jamaica, and have a hunting lodge in Austria. Sir Harold is a former vice-chairman of the Conservative Party



Frederick L. Hamilton

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN AMONG THE FLOWERS

BEFORE she flew up to Balmoral with the Duke of Edinburgh for Whitsun and a short holiday with their children who went up by train, the Queen had a busy week. Besides receiving Ambassadors who went to the Palace to present their credentials, and attending to affairs of state, she visited the Chelsea Flower Show, and went to Epsom for the Derby and the Oaks.

The Chelsea Flower Show of the Royal Horticultural Society was really magnificent in spite of the very difficult weather gardeners have had to contend with this spring. The landscape gardens arranged out of doors were varied and delightful, while the exhibits of flowering shrubs, herbaceous plants, roses, sweet peas and other annuals in the giant marquee were superb.

THE Queen, who was received by her uncle the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, President of the R.H.S., made a tour of the Show on the first morning. Other Royal visitors included Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother—who admired some of the flowering shrubs especially the beautiful show of rhododendrons and azaleas exhibited by Waterers of Bagshot, which was awarded a gold medal—King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent.

The National Farmers Union had a stupendous produce exhibit which also won a gold medal, and near this was Dobbie and Son's gold medal winning exhibit of sweet peas whose fragrance filled the air around them, and Carters' prizewinning gloxinias,

cinerarias, schizanthus and other showy plants grown from seed.

Sutton's display of flowers from seed was another blaze of colour which won a gold medal and another lovely exhibit was gladioli grown by Konynenburg and Mark, and shown in the most attractive copper jugs and vessels.

Going round the show I saw Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden, the latter in ice blue, with his mother Patricia Viscountess Hambleden and his elder sister the Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand. I met Lady Stavordale escorted by Mr. Bob Coe the U.S. Ambassador to Denmark, who was over here on a brief visit, Lady Loder a keen horticulturist with a lovely garden in Sussex, Dr. Clement Bowles of the U.S., a great rhododendron expert, Princess de Chimay, Mrs. James Guinness, Lord Gifford, Lord and Lady Strathallmond, Sir John and Lady Smyly, and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel going round with her gardener and busy ordering plants and seeds.

★ ★ ★

THE sun shone brilliantly and visibility was perfect on Derby Day at Epsom when the Queen, wearing a turquoise blue coat with a small flower-trimmed red hat, and the Duke of Edinburgh drove down the course in a car. They were met on arrival by Lord Digby, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and the Earl of Derby. All the members of the Royal Family I have already mentioned at Chelsea the previous day came to see the race, also Princess Margaret in a navy blue coat with a close-fitting blue and white hat, Princess Alexandra in navy blue also, her aunt Princess

Paul of Yugoslavia, and her cousin Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia.

Before the big event the Royal party came down to the paddock to see the horses parade and later watched them canter past to the post, then returned to the Royal Box to watch the race. This was won in most convincing style by Mme. Léon Volterra's Phil Drake, bred and trained in France. Mme. Volterra who looked extremely chic in a navy blue dress with large hat to match, and a blu mink stole, inherited a stud and a fine string of racehorses from her late husband, and races extensively in France. She sends her horses to run in the big English races each season, and six years ago her Amour Drake was second in the Derby. Her late husband, M. Léon Volterra, had a half share with the Aga Khan in My Love when he won the 1948 Derby.

MME. VOLTERRA received many congratulations after the race and Capt. Charles Moore, manager of the Queen's racing stable, took her up to the Royal Box where the Queen and members of the Royal Family also congratulated her. Alice Countess of Derby, who saw her Acropolis run third, had her chair by the rails in the unsaddling enclosure. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass, watched the race with her.

This great sporting event each year draws thousands of people from all over the world to Epsom. Some watch it from the downs or the paddock, others from one or other of the private stands, from a private box or from the very comfortable Members' enclosure. In the Members' I met Lady Glentoran and her daughter the Hon. Clare Dixon, Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador,

and her daughter Evie looking very fit after her stay in Italy, the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Häggblöf, Lord and Lady Manton, the latter very attractive in a printed suit, and Mrs. Jean Garland and her daughter Joanna, who has inherited her mother's good looks.

Major and Mrs. Douglas Forster were others in the Members' enclosure, where I also saw Lt.-Col and Mrs. James Hanbury, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, who like many of those present were going home to the country to vote the following day, Mr. and Mrs. Evans Bevan and their daughter Marigold who marries Lord Leslie at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 8, and Mr. Stavro Niarchos who had flown over from America to see his horse True Cavalier run, and was talking to the Hon. Mrs. Jock Skeffington and Princess von Bismarck who wore a scarlet coat and white hat.

I ENJOYED my tea with Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, who with members of their family were entertaining friends in their box including Lord McGowan and Lord and Lady Strathalmond. Their second son, Mr. Malcolm McAlpine, was receiving congratulations on the success of his game little stayer Blarney Stone who won the Rosebery Memorial Handicap the previous day. Also watching the racing from the private boxes I met Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, Lord Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey, Mr. Ian Bailey just back from a business trip to North and South America visiting eight countries in less than eight weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moir, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McCorquodale—he had just resigned from representing Epsom in Parliament—and M. Strassburger over from France to see Bryn run in the Derby.

★ ★ ★

NOR for a long time have I heard so much continuous laughter as at the first night of William Douglas Home's very amusing comedy *The Reluctant Débutante* at the Cambridge Theatre. This has many clever lines in it and is beautifully acted by a brilliant cast including Celia Johnson, Wilfrid Hyde White, Ambrosine Phillpotts, and Anna Massey who plays the part of the débutante extremely well. This should come naturally to Anna, as not only is she the only daughter of that fine actor Raymond Massey and good actress Adrienne Allen, who were both present, but she was also one of this year's débutantes at the beginning of the season, though now



THE HON. MRS. DAVID BOWES-LYON, wife of the President of the Royal Horticultural Society, had just been touring the Show with Nancy Viscountess Astor

these social activities have had to be drastically curtailed for her stage career.

H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, escorted by Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, was with a party of young friends in the audience which included several débutantes, among them Miss Frances Sweeny with her mother the Duchess of Argyll, Miss Camilla Straight and Miss Mardie Madden. Also at the first night were the Earl and Countess of Durham, Mr. Ian and Lady Caroline Gilmour, his mother the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour in a box with the U.S. Minister and Mrs. Walton Butterworth, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, Capt. Anthony Kimmins, R.N., and Mrs. Kimmins, Major and Mrs. Chris Seymour, and the author, the Hon. William Douglas Home, with his very pretty wife, who were receiving many congratulations after the final curtain.

★ ★ ★

MR. and Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd lent their Chester Street house for a gay and happy cocktail party given by Mrs. O'Brien for her débutante cousin Miss Fiona Sprot. She is the daughter of Mr. Kenneth

Sprot and is being presented at Holyrood-house later this month. Mrs. Ian Fyfe-Jamieson was also very fortunate when her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rex Cohen, very kindly lent her lovely house in Buckingham Place for the cocktail party Mrs. Fyfe-Jamieson gave for her débutante daughter Miss April Villar. It made an exceptionally pleasant setting for a very amusing party. April, a vivacious and charming girl, made a delightful little hostess looking after her friends, who included many other débutantes coming out this year, among them Miss Camilla Roberts, her cousin Miss Sheelin Maxwell, the Hon. Caroline Hawke, Lady Zinnia Denison, Miss Livia Lycett-Green, Miss Verity-Ann Pilkington, Miss Jane Fairey who is having a wonderful season, and the twin sisters the Misses Joanna and Virginia Hornern.

Young men at the party included Mr. Rupert Gentle, Mr. Michael McLeod, Mr. Richard Hawkins, Mr. Michael Gardiner-Hill, Mr. Miles Rivett-Carnac and Mr. Giles Montagu-Pollock. Mrs. Fyfe-Jamieson has postponed the dance she is giving for April at her home in Bury St. Edmunds from June until October 14.

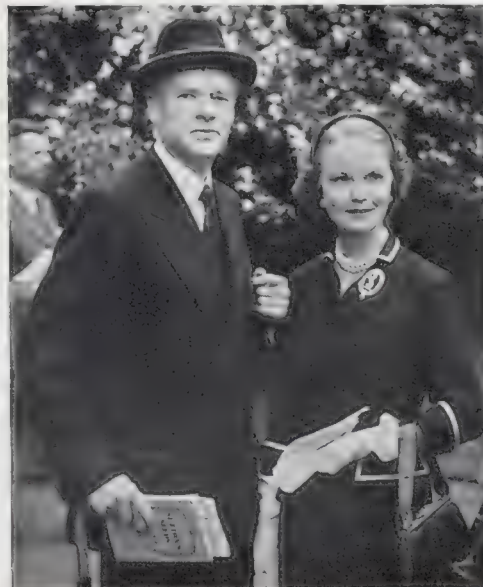
The following evening Mrs. Gordon Maxwell of Ardwell gave a cocktail party in one of the fine reception rooms of the Naval and Military Club for her débutante daughter Griselda.

ANOTHER hostess was Mrs. Charles Cathcart. She gave a delightful cocktail party for her daughter Miss Ann Wilmot in a pleasant house in Ovington Gardens. Mrs. Cathcart (formerly Lady Wilmot) recently remarried, which has perhaps led to a little confusion with lists and invitations. Ann's father, the late Major Sir Arthur Wilmot, was killed in the war. As Mrs. Cathcart cannot leave their farms in Scotland to come to London for the whole summer, Ann is staying with Mrs. Helmut Schroder at her house in Chelsea Square for the season.

Other hostesses around that time whose parties, unfortunately, I could not fit in, were Mrs. Ewan Mews for her débutante daughter Miss Sarah Mews, and Mrs. Gus Coryton for her débutante daughter Lavinia, the youngest of three very pretty daughters, for which her cousin Lady Eliot kindly lent her charming flat in Eaton Square.

Lady Milburn was another who had been very fortunate, as her cousin Mr. Fred Warner, who is at the Foreign Office,

[Continued overleaf]



Left: Sir Giles Loder, Bt., and Lady Loder, were amongst the noted gardening enthusiasts there. Their home is Leonardslee, Horsham, in Sussex. Centre: the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland took great interest in the exhibits. Right: Lord and Lady Aberconway were on their way to the President's tent. Lord Aberconway, whose father was a former president of the Show, is the third baron and succeeded to the title in 1953

Desmond O'Neill

PREVIEW DAY AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW



ELECTION RESULTS SET TO MUSIC AND DANCING



VISCOUNT CAMROSE gave, as is his custom, a most enjoyable Election-night party at the Savoy. Above left: Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter, Mr. John Synge and Lady Caroline Gilmour, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch. Centre: Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, Q.C., and his daughter Miss S. Curtis-Bennett, who announced her engagement recently. Right: Viscount and Viscountess Monck, whose home is near Andover, were discussing the results

Continuing The Social Journal

Three princesses at ball of the season

very kindly lent her his delightful flat in the Albany for the cocktail party she gave for her débutante daughter Susan. Susan is also having a coming-out dance at her home in Northumberland on August 5. Among young people at this party were the Hon. Gillian Blunt-Mackenzie, Miss Christine Rhodes, Miss Belinda Earle, Lady Sarah Bingham, her brother, Lord Bingham, Mr. Michael Sankey, Mr. Richard Talbot-Ponsonby, Mr. George Earle and Mr. Philip Erskine. Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, Mrs. Cedric Holland, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester, Mrs. Carr Ellison, Mr. John Marnan and Sir Edward Boulton were among the older guests I met at the party, talking to Sir Leonard Milburn.

Nearly three hundred guests enjoyed the coming-out dance which Mrs. Aubrey Burke gave for her daughter Miss Meriel Burke. Mrs. Hart kindly lent her house in Hyde Park Gardens for the occasion. Happily it was a fine night and guests were able to stroll between dances in the cleverly lit gardens.

The following evening Mrs. Cyril Salmon and Mrs. William Reynolds gave a very good dance for their débutante daughters the Hon. Clodagh Morris and Miss Juliet Reynolds. This took place at the Belgian Club in Belgrave Square, which is a charming setting. Clodagh and Juliet stood with their mothers to receive guests. As at Meriel's dance the previous night nearly all this year's débutantes were present, with plenty of partners, and dancing went on until the early hours of the morning, with frequent pauses to look at the screen displaying the Election results.

★ ★ ★

WHAT is sure to be remembered as the most glamorous and exciting "coming-out" ball in London this season was the one which Lady Daphne Straight gave for her débutante daughter, Miss Camilla Straight, at the Dorchester. Among nearly eight hundred guests were H.R.H. Princess Margaret, who looked lovely in a cream satin and tulle crinoline, and T.R.H. the Duke of Kent with his sister Princess Alexandra in red, both obviously enjoying themselves, as was their

young cousin, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, and her cousin, Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia, who came in Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic's party. Princess Torlonia, daughter of the late King Alfonso of Spain, and her young daughter Donna Sandro were also guests. Ambassadors of many countries and members of both Houses of Parliament, personalities from numerous different spheres, and nearly all the young girls who are making their début this season were among this happy company.

The restaurant, the ballroom, the four adjacent reception rooms and the foyer had been transformed for the evening with clever décor and lighting designed by Sir Hugh Casson, the effect of which was universally admired. One end of the ballroom had been cut off by a long screen with cleverly lit windows, which gave the effect of looking on to a garden and aviary. At the other end were the long french windows of the Dorchester restaurant looking out on to the softly lit terrace, with its gay window-boxes and striped awnings, bordering Park Lane.

Black and gold posts encircled by trailing greenery were at the corners of the dance floor, around three sides of which were arranged candle-lit supper tables. The circular Gold Room had the effect of a cool lawn bordered with cleverly lit small statues holding white flowers. In here there was always

a crowd of guests enjoying cool drinks. In the Crystal Room still farther away from the ballroom, deep red silk draperies were arranged on the wall with red and white Prince of Wales feathers high up at intervals, while red shades on the cut-glass wall lights kept the lighting mellow. There was a bar at one end of this room and a pianist playing soft music in an alcove, which was enjoyed by guests sitting round on little gilt chairs arranged informally.

The flowers were superb everywhere, huge urns of deep-red roses, gladioli, peonies and other red flowers. In another room were two huge vases of white flowers cleverly lit and placed against a crimson background, and many other beautiful floral arrangements too numerous to describe.

MR. WHITNEY STRAIGHT stood with Lady Daphne Straight, who looked charming in a cerise and pale pink faille dress and a superb diamond necklace, to receive the guests. Camilla, who was also celebrating her eighteenth birthday just after midnight, stood with them and looked radiant in a taffeta dress with a very full skirt in two shades of palest blue. She was enchanting to watch during the ball as not only was she a wonderful little hostess, but she was also radiating happiness and obviously enjoyed every moment of her own dance. Among members of the Diplomatic Corps were the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, the Portuguese Ambassador, who told me he had been sailing in the Solent during the previous weekend, the Cuban Ambassador and Mrs. Mendoza, the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, the Spanish Ambassador and M. and Mme. Claud Lebel.

Lady Eden I saw sitting talking to friends (the Prime Minister was too occupied with ministerial duties to look in) and Mr. Anthony Nutting, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Sir David Eccles, Mr. Jack Profumo and Sir Henry d'Avigdor - Goldsmid, all accompanied by their wives, were among the Members of Parliament I saw.

AMONG the other guests there were the Duchess of Buccleuch, happily recovered from her motor accident and looking lovely in blue, her son and daughter-in-law the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, the Duchess of Argyll, beautiful in white satin, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the latter in an exquisite crystal embroidered white net dress threaded with palest pink ribbon and lovely jewels, the Duke of Rutland, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe in pink with a superb pearl and diamond brooch, Sir Norman Gwatkin, the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, the Princess of Berar in red with magnificent rubies and diamonds,



MISS CAROLINE WILSON, who is sharing a dance with Miss Jane Sheffield at Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, Hants, on June 10. She is the daughter of Mrs. Comar Wilson

Sir Simon and Lady Marks, Mme. Banac who came with her son Mr. Vane Ivanovic and his beautiful wife, who wore a striking printed paper taffeta dress, and Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the latter lovely in a yellow beaded dress and a magnificent emerald and diamond necklace.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Douro were there, also Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell, Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, the Earl of Dudley, Viscount Ednam receiving congratulations on the birth of his twin daughters, Lord and Lady Astor, Lord and Lady Brabazon, the Hon. Lady Baillie, Mrs. John Dewar, Viscount Margesson, the Hon. William Rollo, the Hon. Max Aitken and his wife who looked lovely in red, Viscountess Lambton in a red and white crinoline, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Churchill, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Mr. Nicholas Eden, Mr. Charles Connel, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, who partnered Princess Alexandra, Mr. Billy Wallace, and Lord Patrick Beresford dancing with lovely Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham.

Other young girls at this dance, who all looked exceptionally pretty in the soft lighting, included the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Jane Sheffield in red dancing with the Hon. Peter Ward, Miss Jane Berry, Miss Doon Plunket, Lady Sarah Cadogan, Miss Mary Illingworth, Miss Polly Eccles in a striking fondant pink tulle and spotted organza dress, Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss Nichola Cayzer, Miss Penelope Knowles, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith and Miss Ann Tichborne.

* * *

I WAS delighted to hear that Miss Veronica de Souza Gracie, daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador, and chairman of the charity performance of *Salad Days*, which was given on April 26, has been able to announce that £1,054 was made as a result of the matinée. This sum will go to the medical research funds of the Multiple Sclerosis Society. From Lady Howard de Walden I hear of another splendid sum raised for charity. She tells me that well over £2,600 clear profit was the result of the Rose Ball in aid of the Alexandra Rose Day Fund, for which she was the chairman.

A NIGHT OF 100 STARS," the gala performance in aid of the Actors Orphanage, will begin at midnight on Thursday, June 23, at the London Palladium, where tickets can be obtained. Stars taking part include Beatrice Lillie, Eric Portman, John Mills, Margaret Leighton, Hermione Gingold and Emlyn Williams.

THE Duchess of Argyll is chairman of the Highland Fund Ball to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on July 12. This promises to be a very colourful affair and tickets are obtainable from the Duchess of Argyll, 79 Davies Street, W.1.

ON July 19 and July 20 there is to be a Commonwealth Exhibition and Market in the grounds of Marlborough House, St. James's. This will be open each day from 10.30 a.m. to 8 p.m. and is in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks Association.

THE Catholic Public Schools Ball is to be held at the Dorchester on July 25, with a good band and cabaret. Tickets for the ball at the reasonable price of thirty-five shillings, from the Secretary of the Ball, Downside School, Stratton-on-the-Fosse, near Bath.

LAST week I mentioned Countess Kinsky's arrival from Canada which should have read June 3, not, as appeared owing to a misprint in some copies, June 23.



ACTRESS-DÉBUTANTE DREW HER COMPANIONS

IN *The Reluctant Débutante*, at the Cambridge Theatre, William Douglas Home has written a play which embroiders aspects of the London season most amusingly. Above, Miss Anna Massey, who took a leading part, is being congratulated after the first night by fellow débutantes Miss Frances Sweeny (left) and Miss Camilla Straight



Left, Mr. Ray Salters was escorting Miss Ava Buckley. Right, Mrs. Anthony Galliers Pratt with Miss Katherine Worsley and Miss Nichola Cayzer



Left: Mr. William Donaldson, Miss Cera Buckley, Mrs. and Dr. J. Buckley and Miss Susan Clifford-Turner. Right: Mr. Richard Soames escorted his sister Miss Elfin Soames



Mr. F. L. Rundell, Mrs. Matthews and Mr. A. E. Matthews, the veteran actor, were in high spirits at the play's success, as were Miss Anne Wiman and Mr. E. P. Clift, who presented it

ASCOT IN 1845

The race for the Emperor's Plate, value 500 sovs., which was first run on June 12, 1845, was the result of a compliment paid to the Emperor of Russia when he attended the meeting the previous year



ASCOT PANORAMA

• VINCENT ORCHARD •

THE writer of this article, an authority on racing and breeding, and author of "Tattersalls" and "The Derby Stakes—1900-1943," reviews scenes in Ascot's history through what he confesses to be rose-coloured binoculars. "As a racecourse," he says, "Ascot has no rival: as a rendezvous, it is England at home to the world"



Major John Crocker Bulteel, D.S.O., M.C., the very efficient Clerk of the racecourse

THE Royal Ascot Meeting has the rare quality of being always the same and yet of provoking, every year, a sense of expectation and excitement. It has the charm of an accomplished actress who has all the graces one loves, and yet who never fails to appear in some new, enchanting guise.

Surprises there will be in plenty next week, but there will also be everything which the great racecourse, and the great occasion, will be expected to supply. Shall we pretend, for a moment, that this is the opening day of the meeting, and reassure ourselves, like children, that everything will be exactly as it always has been, hoping, all the same, that there will be something different, too?

It is all right. Everything is the same. Here are the rhododendrons, and the hydrangeas, the lovely women, the hats and dresses. The men, looking incredibly distinguished, the beautiful horses, elegant in their gleaming summer coats. For you, mesdames, Ascot shall be the Garden of Eden—Eden with sweet music and the delicious tinkle of ice in crystal glasses in the distance. Eden, too, with

a wonderful new restaurant in the courtyard, of good brick and tile, with plenty of chairs to sit on.

You are in the paddock, a rather larger paddock than you remembered. Your escort is taking you, perhaps with rather longer strides than you care for, towards the Enclosure. But surely the lawn is nearly twice as large as it used to be? It is. Someone has been taking immense care for your comfort.

ESCORT, however, is moving, with perhaps a slightly preoccupied look, towards the far rails, beyond which is a vast crowd of people, stretching as far as you can see: thousands and thousands of people, all very busy.

Presently, a racecard is thrust into your hands and you are being told that He won't be long and that You must stay exactly where you are, so that he can find you again. Or, on second thoughts, that you must be, *after* the race, under the two chestnut trees in the paddock. The first race on the first day is always the Queen Anne Stakes. "Named after Queen Anne, you know. Very interesting. Tell you all about it after this. Seventeen hundred and eleven, I think it was. Very interesting. Under the trees. . ."

JUNE 1907

This year the lawns of the Royal Enclosure have been made much more spacious, being widened to take in another 2,900 square yards. The picture dresses, which held sway there for so many years, are seen no more at modern Ascot



If you stand very still and close your eyes, you may have a most entrancing vision. Velvet turf under your feet, the whisper of wind in the trees, the rustle of silk; in the distance, the faint sound of hooves. . . . A cavalcade is approaching, preceded by outriders, accoutrements a-jingling. Indeed it is the Queen's Party—Queen Anne's—and you almost curtsy as the ghostly procession passes.

YOU make for the paddock, jostled by a Hardy Amies and a Victor Stiebel; or is it a Digby Morton? But here is an unostentatious little group, also moving paddockwards. You become conscious that a narrow informal lane is being made. Make way for the Queen! Earlier, you will have watched the Royal procession, unforgettable, the outriders in their gold and scarlet, the grey horses, the jingle of the harness, the cheering growing louder as the Royal party drew near. Ten, twenty, thirty thousand hats are raised and lowered; the Royal standard flutters bravely over the Queen's box.

Time to look around you again. How changed it all is. So this is the new Hunt Cup mile! Your companion, who has forgotten all about Queen Anne, points to it with pride, as if he had conjured it into being, although he remembers presently to tell you that it has been resited, made, created, over a period of nearly seven years. It is as if a giant had pushed away the old course with a huge sweep of the arm, as if he had pushed back the hand of a vast clock from three o'clock to, let us say, two-thirty. A great, new, triangular slice of the heath has been taken in, the new space having been added to the lawns as they flow down to the racecourse rails. Tattersalls and the Silver Ring are now doubled and trebled in size. The Royal enclosure, which is in the narrowest angle, or apex, of the triangle, is no longer a pen; it is a pleasant, spacious lawn.

THIS is very important, not only for everybody's comfort but because it will mean that some thousands more people will be able to find accommodation; the greater the number of people, the more money there will be for the Ascot Authority to devote to further improvements and to maintain, and possibly increase, the amount given in prize money. The Authority, for this present meeting alone, is adding just on £40,000 to the stakes. And the big prizes attract the best horses, which is as it should be; the best horses, that is to say, in all Europe, and from America, too, if they choose to send them.

The Ascot Gold Cup, one of the most coveted trophies in the world, was first run for in George III's day, in 1807. Oh, to have been there and to have seen "Prinny" in all his glory! He was dressed, we read (perhaps appropriately) in bottle green; his brothers—York, Cumberland and Kent—wore the Windsor uniform. A noble pavilion and two marquees had been erected for the use of the Queen and the Princesses, the Royal ladies being dressed in white Spanish mantles and gipsy hats. The Prince bows low over the Queen's hand, escorts the family to its pavilion and then, as likely as not, makes his way to his own private box, *vis à vis* that of the Judge.

Seven years later the Ascot scene reached a new brilliance. The Allied armies had entered Paris; the Emperor had abdicated; Europe was at peace again. How better to celebrate the occasion than by a reunion at Ascot? The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were the guests of the Court. In the Royal box, too, were Queen Charlotte, the Prince (now Regent) and his brother, the Duke of York; the crowd cheered and cheered again. But "Blücher, Blücher!" they cried, and "Platoff." Where were the conquering generals? There was racing, but what did it matter. When the Prince placed the two heroes

in front of the box, racing was suspended so that Blücher should ride down the lines of booths, the Duke of York at his side.

When Prinny became King, the meeting, as might have been expected, became what is nowadays termed a riot. Lords with white trousers and white neckcloths, travelling ice houses packed with cases of champagne; brandy and cigars; the tossing of sovereigns to the surging crowds, everything, in fact which would have shocked the sensibilities of "Sir Troops" Carter, a later Clerk of the Course, or even his brilliant, self-effacing successor, Major Crocker Bulteel.

VICTORIA's Ascot was far more decorous. The gentlemen continued to do themselves very well, but still contrived to look elegant. The young ladies had a very good tuck-in from the loaded hampers but remembered to swoon gracefully were the heat too oppressive; the weather was always warm and fine. Stands, by now, had taken the place of the less formal pavilions. The men were dressed exactly as they are today, apart from a few minor details; Savile Row makes few concessions to the centuries.

There was a great day in 1844, when the meeting was honoured by the presence of the Tsar of All the Russias. Her Majesty was there, with the Prince Consort; minor royalties were two a penny. Lord Albemarle won the Gold Cup with his unnamed colt by Defence, and, immediately after the race, named him The Emperor. The imperial visitor, deeply affected by the compliment, asked to be allowed to give a piece of plate, to be named the Emperor's Plate, to replace the Cup.

The first of the series was a magnificent affair, featuring Peter the Great, Windsor Castle and The Kremlin, with a sprinkling of fine golden eagles and big Russian soldiers. A little *contretemps* not long afterwards, leading to the Balaclava incident, was courteously overlooked, and the Emperor's Plate did not revert to Cup status until ten years later.

ONE must write discreetly of the gay nineties. There are far too many gentlemen and, be it whispered, even a few ladies, who remember the year in which Persimmon won the Cup. But then, in 1897, the world was still young, or so it seems. There was a new Prince of Wales; England, on the surface, was gay and carefree. But now there were railway trains, and policemen.

With it all, Ascot retained its character, its inimitable *panache*. The procession along the course, the cheering, the very considerable luncheons, were all a part of its attraction. Everything seemed even more elaborate, especially the clothes. The long frock coats, those awful white spats, the high, stiff white collars, had their day. Women's clothes and hats reached new heights of extravagance.

Could one in fact collect prints and drawings or photographs of Ascot scenes in sequence one would have a panorama of British fashions for the best part of 250 years.

The modern tendency has been towards simplicity, especially in dress, and to a similar degree in entertainment. Ascot has lost nothing by it and its meetings are probably the more enjoyable because of it. The motive behind all the vast alterations which have taken place, alterations affecting the comfort of visitors of whatever status, has been to provide the greatest good for the greatest number.

ASCOT's spacious lawns, a euphemism in the old days, are now spacious in reality. The elegances remain, but the solid comforts which now support them will add to everyone's enjoyment. May the horses, when they come to run, behave as we all hope to behave, as real ladies and gentlemen!



1872 The Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, taking part in the Royal Procession, the glorious piece of traditional pageantry that is so much the centrepiece of Ascot week

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"... Why picnics lead to violence"

Now is the time for picnics. The time for ants and small creepy-crawly things, and trouble with the jam.

It has been puzzling me for a time why picnics lead to violence. The instinct of the inventor of this form of relaxing had the most innocent thoughts in his mind, but it must be that he had miscalculated. For life in the raw, eating sandwiches on the grass, not only attracts the anger of nature's smaller fauna but brings out in man the most peculiar reactions.

You will remember, I am sure, the famous picture painted by Manet "Déjeuner Sur L'herbe" in which he depicts two gentlemen reclining on the grass in full splendour, while their girl friends have taken off all their clothes. What the gentlemen's intentions were is not at all clear, although they seem to have been well fed.

There was also, I remember, an occasion in France when a solitary gentleman decided to set out for a picnic. It was towards the end of the war and he had an encumbrance.

His grandmother had died, and the French are sentimental about returning their elders to the place of their birth.

THIS solitary gentleman placed the coffin containing his grandmamma on the sidecar of his velocipede and set off from Paris for the south. His intention was to spend quite a while in a forest he knew well, with a bottle of wine and some bread and cheese, for funeral rites are often mixed with pleasantries.

Down he sat in the shade and ate and drank in peace. But the day grew hotter and he grew thirstier and so he wandered to a nearby bistro to slake it again. There he stayed for a decent while and then returned to his journey.

The velocipede was there... but Grandmamma had gone.

Now, who stole Grandmamma? The French press at the time was full of the puzzle and to this day, so far as I know, it has not been solved.

And then there was the case at Goodwood Races. I am fond of Goodwood and try to go down every year, but sometimes I am apt to overdo the thing. I pack the boot of the car with everything bar a baby elephant's teething ring, because I don't think I am likely to meet a baby elephant on the Hampshire border, and there we are, all set for a picnic in the Birdless Grove.

ONCE I overdid it so badly, with cold chicken, game pie, curry puffs, paté, cheese and strawberry flan that tragedy nearly happened. I had Chablis and claret to go with this repast and a bottle of red wine broke.

As we stopped for petrol I could see a curious look in the eye of the boy serving petrol and it got curiouser and curiouser.

I heard him muttering as he went away for change.

"Blood," he said. "Blood. He's got a body in the boot." And as the red wine trickled out I stood before him as a desperate murderer.

However, apart from a couple of desperate wasps, which *would* interfere, we ate up heartily in the Birdless Grove. But that boy still thinks I am a murderer.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to vote the other day and the scene that met me in the polling booth was astonishing. There were two young women talking to each other. One was saying, "But my dear, of course *The Boy Friend* is a success." And the other said, "But you haven't seen *Kismet* yet." At that moment I got the clue. They were two young actresses abandoning for one day their rights to be rogues and vagabonds. They were citizens on the spree.

But the poor man behind the table, who was handing out the voting slips for them to take to their secret cubbyholes, was more than confused. He listened carefully to what they were saying and didn't hurry them for their cards and watched them warily as they walked away, still full of their natter about show business.

Then I greeted him politely and was through my transaction with him in short time. He said business had been fair.

"But the oddest people are coming out today," he said.

"I suppose it must be the floating voter."

The two young women floated out of the room. By then they were talking about the influence of Noël Coward on Sandy Wilson. It seemed a pity that neither of these so talented gentlemen was standing for Parliament.

★ ★ ★

WHAT an excellent obituary notice of his friend Hilaire Belloc has been written by J. B. Morton in his new book. There is all the tenderness of friendship in it.

Towards the end Belloc sat by his fireside, idle, his life burned out. But Morton recalls the vigour and rumbustious quality of his hero.

They were of different generations, but



"... losing their heads like flustered hens"

similar types, and so got along very well together.

Johnny Morton is himself a fiercely cheerful small round man with a bullet head and blazing eye. He believes in Poland, the Pope, and having fun—in that order. His hatred of Communism is so fierce that when the subject comes up, as it does when the Russians have done something particularly bad that day, the rage in Fleet Street can be heard in Eastcheap.

Johnny is a bit of a card. I have seen him enter the room of a Fleet Street editor on all fours, because, he said, "I thought it more respectful." And when he goes around "the big room" where the underlings work he walks one yard behind the editor saying "Yes, sir!" in a loud voice. But in private his language towards his editor varies towards the lurid.

He has invented in his comical columns many famous characters, the best of all being Dingy Poos, the wondrous spy.

I once asked him about her, for she fascinated me. And he told me quite honestly that she was coal black, six foot tall and his wife was jealous of her.

What can you do with a man like that, except like him?

★ ★ ★

I TOOK my favourite débutante, Deirdre, to a first night the other night. It was called *The Reluctant Débutante*, by William Douglas Home, and I expected her to be vastly amused by what was intended to be something of a farcical comedy.

But no, she was not. She laughed at some of the jokes but all the time Miss Anna Massey, daughter of Raymond Massey, who plays the débutante, was on the stage, Deirdre sat there in silence, studying her.

At the end she nodded. She had approved. She had recognized in the girl on the stage the correct fierceness. She had approved, too, of the correct silliness shown in the parents.

"That's all right," she said. "Once you get a parent out of character the theatre will be ruined."

What she most approved of was Mr. Home's understanding of the fact that mothers lose their heads like flustered hens when there is the slightest chance of their daughters being in moral danger, which is a matter daughters can take care of themselves very well, if so disposed. She knew that the mummy on the stage (beautifully played by Celia Johnson) had encountered the same difficulties when she was young but had forgotten them; knew that she, too, had had to sell herself in what Mr. Home calls "a civilized slave market" with equal skill.

★ ★ ★

WHAT a delightful touch of friendliness it was when, after Madame Suzie Volterra had won the Derby with her leggy colt Phil Drake, the band at once struck up the tune "If you knew Suzie, like I know Suzie—Oh! what a girl." I didn't think the British had it in them to be so charming.



COLONEL J. E. HANCE, one of the greatest authorities on horsemanship in this country, will, as always, be judging at the Royal Richmond Horse Show, which starts tomorrow, an event with which he has long been associated. His name recalls to mind his celebrated riding school at Malvern to which many fine riders owe their training, numerous successes in the show ring and more recently the equitation courses that he holds at various centres throughout the country. A writer on all aspects of the horse and horsemanship, particularly dressage, he won the championship for this test on Ecstasy at the International Horse Show in 1937. Another member of the Hance family with a long list of show-ring achievements behind her is his daughter Mrs. Richard Whittington, the former Miss Jackie Hance, a distinguished equestrienne, who judges at events throughout the country

DERBY DAY AT EPSOM

MADAME VOLTERRA led her horse Phil Drake into the unsaddling enclosure when it had won the Derby with F. Palmer up, after a magnificent race, from Panaslipper and Acropolis. In winning the Derby Mme. Volterra achieved the chief ambition of her late husband, and is the third woman owner ever to win this great race. Mrs. G. B. Miller won it with Mid-Day Sun in 1937 and Mrs. M. Glenister with Nimbus in 1949



At the Races

ASCOT'S FRENCH INVASION

UNLESS Mr. J. S. Gerber's lusty warrior, By Thunder, can come to the rescue, present conditions would seem to indicate that this country will have to surrender yet another Gold Cup to the voracious French invader, for this rumbustious customer Elpenor seems the only one fit and ready to go for his life (like Phil Drake was).

The French breeders would seem to specialize in the stayer class far more intently than do our own. This dates back almost to the days of Gladiateur. For a long time past they have been far fonder of our guineas than we have been of their francs!

The British counter invasion has been negligible by comparison and this is a somewhat strange fact since there are many fat prizes to be won in France.

On the other hand perhaps we do not remember Waterloo quite as vividly as they do; or again, there may be another reason! In these days of air transport a horse may avoid sea-sickness, and some of them are so aware of this that they

prefer the plane. Anyway I think we have got to look out for squalls at Ascot. By Thunder we have! It is not always what a horse wins, but what he beats that gives us the best signpost to what he is going to do and it is probable that in the present case this French horse may be able to call the tune.

THE Stewards of the N.H.C. are to be congratulated upon their final decision not to adopt the new pattern of hurdle invented in France, and described in some places as a "baby fence." It never was that. It was merely an obstacle which encouraged horses to take greater liberties than they do already in races "over the sticks"—incidentally, a term which should only be applied in reference to hurdle races, as it is not in any way applicable to the very different steeplechase fences.

I think, personally, that hurdles as we know them are too easy to knock down and a horse is very quick to discover what he can hit with impunity and what he can not. The blackest look-

ing place in a fence is quite often the safest. No one would advocate things in hurdle races that would compel horses to spend too much time up in the air, but, after all, hurdles are meant to be jumped and not galloped through. If the latter were the case, why bother about having any hurdles at all!

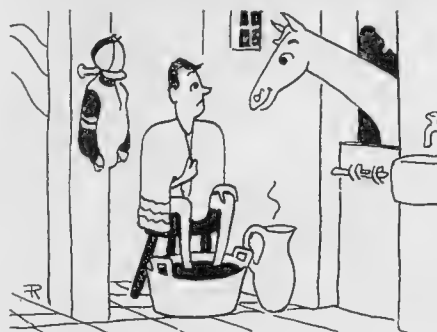
Hitting any obstacle, however flimsy, takes a greater or lesser amount of speed off and those who say that you need not have a real jumper to win a hurdle race seem to forget that what you may win on the swings you may lose on the roundabouts. These French obstacles were neither one thing nor the other.

In Australia at one time, and probably still, they seem to prefer their hurdles bare with the three top bars close together so that a horse can see that he has something to jump. In India this pattern was copied, but after a time the Royal Calcutta Turf Club improved upon it and devised something which was really a small steeplechase fence. It consisted of two hurdles laced together with brushwood in between, and in the rainy season it could be driven securely into the ground. I think this was a good pattern.

IF anyone on the Turf is found guilty of foul riding, bumping or boring crossing, or in any other way doing anything he hadn't oughter, he usually incurs dire punishment; loses his licence or permit to ride, or may even be warned off for life from all courses where the rules of the Jockey Club or the National Hunt Committee run.

In other forms of sport in some countries, however, there would seem to be no rules and a man can use anything he likes short of a knife or a pickaxe. Here, however, we do not even permit the use of the caestus, a very deadly form of knuckleduster, popular in the days of ancient Rome and quite capable of killing a man.

— SABRETACHE



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Derek Erskine.
Right: Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon and her sister, Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, daughters of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt.



Left: Sir Malcolm Bullard, the Countess of Derby and the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill, who is a daughter of Lord Digby.
Right: The Countess of Seston, the Earl of Seston, Mrs. Peter Laycock and Mrs. R. Clyde



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lewis and (right) Mr. and Mrs. R. Prichard-Jones were among those who saw Phil Drake's sensational win



Left: Miss Diana Crossman and Miss Joanna Cooke, debutantes this year, were escorted by Mr. Derek Crossman. Right: The Hon. Mrs. Tom Hazlerigg, the Hon. Tom Hazlerigg and Capt. J. D. Moore



MLLE. HELENE D'ESTAINVILLE is the beautiful daughter of Comte and Comtesse d'Estainville. She lives in the Champs Elysées, in an apartment overlooking the Arc de Triomphe, as well as at the Villa La Dragonnière, Cap Martin, their home in the south of France. Mlle. d'Estainville, who was educated at Hatherop Castle, Glos., is a niece of Lady Blunt, of Wolverton Park, Basingstoke. She has a married sister living in London



THE BARONNE DE L'ESPÉE divides her time between her home in the Cité de Varenne, Paris, and an eighteenth-century farm on the Côte Basque. Her husband, who has newspaper interests in Biarritz, is a very keen, experienced and most intrepid yachtsman. They recently sailed to Martinique in a very small sailing-boat. The Baronne de l'Espée and her husband have three children

Priscilla in Paris

Jolt for the cinéphiles

UNCOMFORTABLE but amusing! Uncomfortable if you look at the screen, but amusing if you watch the audience. Having been warned, I went to the opening-night presentation of the Cinerama, that is new to Paris, wearing a frock with pockets. I knew that I might need empty hands with which to clutch my neighbour or, failing a clutchable neighbour, anything stable in my immediate vicinity.

The number of vanity bags that slid from palsied knees, erupting their contents on the carpet of the stalls at the Théâtre du Cinéma de l'Empire that night beats all records. All my impedimenta being stowed safely away, I was as free to grab as a baby that has thrown its rattle out of the pram.

Grab I did—and Heaven knows what I may have bruised—when I found myself hurtling into space with the impression that my tummy was shooting through the top of my cranium. Recovering fairly quickly I shaded my eyes and took hurried, sideways peeps between my fingers at the spectators near me. Georges Carpentier seemed to be employing the same tactics, so I looked where he looked, being well aware that Georges is a safe lad to follow.

I DISCOVERED Maurice Chevalier with a shielding hand outspread before his face and eyes tightly closed behind his spectacles. The lady by him had jammed her face into his shoulder. More trouble for Momo, to say nothing of more work for the dry cleaner! The Comtesse Haliez who, though well into her mid-seventies, thinks nothing of a week-end trip by air to visit her grand-daughters at Dakar, appeared coolly indifferent both to movement and racket, but François Perrier, whose determined smile was betrayed by his anguished eyebrows, held on to the back of the empty seat (someone had fled) with a white-knuckled grip *qui en disait long*.

Micheline Presle, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, was gasping with terror. M. Roger Ferdinand, President of the Société des Auteurs, was wearing dark glasses. Perhaps his eyes were closed behind them. This would explain his serenity while the plane, in which we were flying, headed towards the side of a mountain.

COMMODORE DROUILLY also seemed quite unconcerned, but then he must be accustomed to the ups and downs of existence, by Cinerama or otherwise. We are informed that he is celebrating the anniversary of his wedding that took place in June last year, at the same time as the celebration of his divorce *this year*! He is giving a party, again at the Pré Catelan, to



the same thousand guests who were present at his espousals twelve months ago. (If this paragraph sounds somewhat involved so is the situation it purposes to relate!)

Properly employed, the Cinerama will certainly bring great pleasure to many. However, for the moment, one feels like the child who, given a complicated and frightening toy to play with, prefers the old box of bricks or even the house of cards.

AH! QUELLE FOLIE!" The revue that Paul Derval is putting on at the Folies Bergère looks like justifying its title. Folly indeed, delightful, extravagant folly. Its predecessor, taken off at the beginning of May, was still playing to full houses after a run of almost four years. It was the most gorgeous of the many beautiful shows that Paul Derval has produced, but this one, he vows, will surpass them all in magnificence.

At the pre-première cocktail party, given this week in the foyer of Les Folies, I was told how many millions the new show is gobbling up, the number of miles of costly materials used, the sensational machinery that is needed for the intricacies of the décors, the number of lovely mannequins tested and found wanting until perfection was reached, the yards of this . . . that . . . and the other, but I have no head for figures and my pen had run dry.

To be convinced of pleasures to come it sufficed to see the happy faces at the party. Paul Derval and Mme. Paul Derval, who dresses her husband's productions, and Michel Gyarmathy, who is author-stage-manager-designer-song-writer (and, to quote P.D., "does everything except pay the bills"), were all three almost voiceless and half "dead on their feet," but they all had the smiling confidence that comes of work well done.

The stars, headed by lovely Nita Raya, and Randall, who hails from Bordeaux, but speaks six languages perfectly (his English most perfectly of all), exhibit no signs of weariness. The good old myth of "just-one-large-and-happy-family" is a reality in this case.

The show will have opened by June 2nd, but from experience I know that it will take a fortnight of heartbreaking cutting and pruning to run the performance into a three-hour entertainment. Given all that we have glimpsed of it already, this, in itself, will be another miracle.

Ces petites choses

● Tanagra-like Mme. Derval—who is as high as her husband's heart—to a sextet of show-girls who tower above her: "Now, my little ones. . ."



F. J. Goodman

THE COMTESSE BERNARD D'HARCOURT is seen at home in the Rue Boissiere, Paris. Before her marriage she was Mlle. Yvonne de Contades, and is a great-granddaughter of Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal. Her husband is the son of the late Comte d'Harcourt, and his mother, Princesse Murat, by birth H.R.H. Princesse Isabelle d'Orleans, is a sister of H.R.H. the Comte de Paris

At the Theatre

The higher bigamy

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

VOLUBLE cranks are a terrible nuisance in real life; yet for some curious reason we not only tolerate them on the stage but, given the least excuse, take a great liking to them. The hero of *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* is a most voluble, a most likeable and an extremely well-acted crank. His stay at the New Theatre should be long, provided that women playgoers consent to be amused by the effrontery with which he carries off bigamy.

Bigamy is a crime which women are slow to laugh off as a mere blunder, and this is bigamy of a high order. Mr. Pennypacker, an American business man of the 'nineties, has two homes, one in Philadelphia, another in Wilmington, and in each he has a wife and seven children.

Two wives and fourteen children are a lot for any conscience (or, for the matter of that, any income) to bear. What endears Mr. Pennypacker to us in the first instance is that when a Wilmington son strays by accident into the Philadelphia home he not only fails for some time to notice him, but when he does notice him merely passes the time of day with him—"Hallo, son!", or something of the sort.

His prim spinster sister swoons away; his apoplectic father falls into a fit; Mr. Pennypacker busies himself with restoratives,

pausing between whiles to survey the troubled domestic scene with the calm reflective eye of a philosopher. This makes one of the most brilliant first-act curtains we have had in the theatre for a long while, though one must admit that some of the brilliance came about through a sudden adroit livening up of the rather dull period domesticities that had preceded it.

It is the calmness rather than the philosophy that remains the endearing thing about this crank, and it is the calmness to which knicker-bokered, pipe-smoking Mr. Nigel Patrick gives such infinitely pleasing variety.

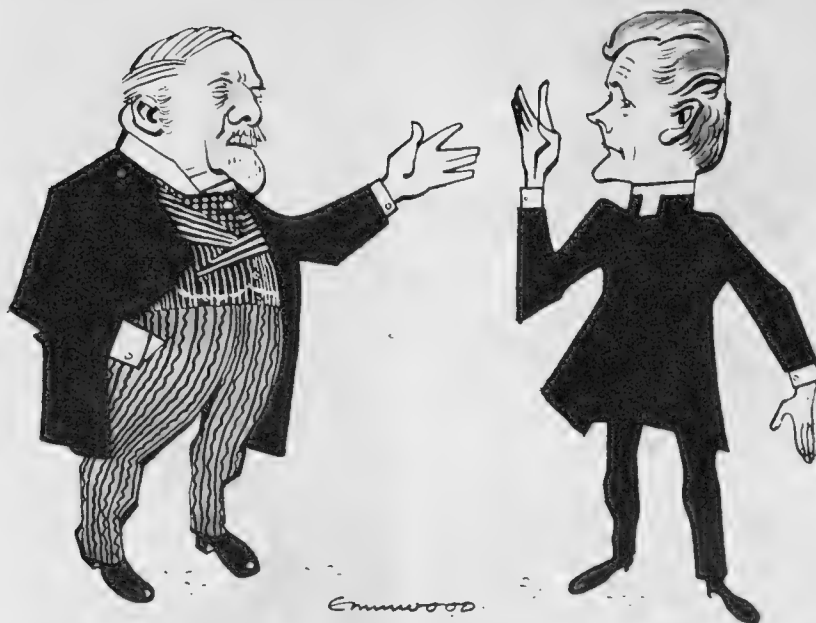
MR. PENNYPACKER talks a deal of nonsense, but there is no resisting the amiably disarming air with which Mr. Patrick surrounds the nonsense. Mr. Pennypacker is everything that an American free-thinker in the 'nineties might have been. He has read Darwin, he has read Marx, he has read Bernard Shaw; he knows the thesis of Schopenhauer about woman and of Nietzsche about human conduct; and he is

willing and anxious, politely, good-humouredly but provocatively, to take a flick at the face of orthodoxy wherever it may present itself to him. There is a certain lack of intellectual sinew in his arguments. Still he has the courage of his convictions, and Mr. Patrick handles the arguments with a delightfully easy and offhand air.

BIGAMY, for instance, he views in the light of a moral duty. "Morality is a matter of geography," he asserts with gay sincerity. "A Moslem would think nothing of this trouble: why should I? Indeed, I have been the best of men, the good American father—and, what is more, twice over." Luckily for us, there is no one except a Puritan minister whose true role is that of "heavy father" to take up the arguments seriously. It pleases the author, Mr. Liam O'Brien, to pretend that he is writing intellectual comedy, but the pretence is not meant to deceive anybody. The fun depends on his reasonably fertile invention of diverting incident to keep the comic impasse going long enough for us not really to mind when the time comes for him to retrace his steps by way of slightly soggy patches of sentiment.

A DAUGHTER's marriage to a pale young curate is endangered by the revolutionist's scandalous behaviour; his adoring wife learns the painful difference between acquiescing in a husband's harmlessly wild theories and accepting the working out of them in practice; and the Pennypacker children, who have been brought up high-mindedly to follow no rules that do not commend themselves to their unfettered reason, show a disconcerting tendency in this crisis to fall back in alarm on all the rules they have never been taught.

If we do not take Mr. O'Brien's comedy more seriously than he intends it to be taken we are most comfortably entertained. Miss Elizabeth Sellars and Miss Helena Pickard both give excellent performances as the much-trying wife and the much-shocked spinster sister; Mr. Hugh Wakefield goes gamely at a part for which he is obviously miscast; and Mr. John Fernald, no doubt well aware that eight children, most of them wearing period frocks and long bloomers, are something of an acting problem, manages, nevertheless, to make effective use of the scampering Pennypackers.



GRANDFATHER PENNYPACKER (Hugh Wakefield) has an argument with the Rev. Wilbur Fifield (John Forrest), who wishes to marry his personable granddaughter—another complication in the wildly-involved Pennypacker ménages



THE GENIAL VILLAIN Pennypacker (Nigel Patrick; centre), the incarnation of honest, manly reason in tweeds and briar, tries to explain away to his wife (Elizabeth Sellars) the son she has never seen (Mike Morgan)



Douglas Burn

SATIRICAL FARE AT NEW WATERGATE

"HAPPY RETURNS," the revue at the New Watergate Theatre, presents in the form of a satirical theatre guide specialised versions of extracts from shows past and present. The touch is light and extremely lively, and a talented young company of eight make their points with precision. One of the highlights of the show is a Restoration version of a favourite radio serial entitled in this instance "Dame Dale's Diary," while (left) Phillipa Reid and John Whyte are seen in "La Loge," based on Renoir's painting—a sketch from the Gate Revue of 1940. The show has been devised by Peter Myers, who is part-author with Alec Graham and David Climie

London Limelight

—O, rare Dan Kaye

DANNY KAYE's presence at the Palladium ensures full houses for the length of his stay, and he earns every halfpenny of the sum the tax-gatherers are undoubtedly extracting from him. At his opening, the first house was in a grudging, omnivorous mood, and it was instructive to watch the maestro feeling his way delicately from the thinner ice to areas where it was safe to cut fancy capers.

It was a triumph of charm rather than of humour, for the vast audience was acutely aware of the hordes waiting outside for the second hearing, when their hero would not be inhibited by time.

All this excitement must have been very wearisome to the other artists on the bill. They are headed by Señor Wences, quite the most remarkable ventriloquist of this generation, who can conduct a conversation in

three voices, rather acrimoniously, and juggle with sticks and trays at the same time. There is also a couple called Annell and Brask whom I solemnly declare appear to dance whilst mounted on chromium monocyces and dressed in Louis Quatorze costumes. All this to the tune of "In an Eighteenth-Century Aerodrome," by (I think) George Mozart.

Far less inspired were the scenes outside the theatre. A crowd of around 6,000 people was allowed to fight in and out

of the theatre amongst a chaos of motor-cars, without the slightest evidence of forethought. The single policeman on duty was quite incapable of dealing with a situation which, at times, looked thoroughly dangerous.

THE poet Dylan Thomas never met his interpreter, Emlyn Williams, and on one occasion expressed himself as mystified at his fellow-countryman's success in the character of Dickens. I wonder how he would have reacted to a presentation of his works at the Globe Theatre.

Probably, I think, he would have been as deeply satisfied as Mr. Williams's audiences are to-day. The actor does not assume the character of his study: he appears as himself in a nondescript blue suit, with a long red tie, his only props a bundle of books and a Chippendale chair.

Thus the miraculous cadence of words that never lose their humour even when the author is performing pirouettes and cartwheels of delicious Welsh verbosity keep, as they should, in the forefront of the entertainment, their richness increased by the actor's skill as a raconteur and by the fitting perfection of his voice and accent.

—Youngman Carter



Danny Kaye is once again delighting ecstatic audiences at the Palladium with his inexhaustible repertoire of solo entertainment

FRED ASTAIRE is here with Leslie Caron in a scene from the CinemaScope musical version of the Gene Stratton Porter novel, *Daddy Long Legs*, now at the Carlton, Haymarket; a film which gives Mr. Astaire plenty of opportunity for the dancing with which he has won enduring film fame



Television

A ONE-GUN SALVO

GILBERT HARDING appropriately seems the first of the B.B.C.'s contracted TV big guns to be brought into position to await the commercial onslaught. On Friday, in "Gilbert Harding Finds Out," he starts a series of his own.

Originally, the rather obvious idea was to give him charge of a TV Complaints corner. Doubts of monotony prevailed to extend the field of investigation from grievances to matters of more general ignorance, including problems historical and philological. The set-up is not unpromising. Mr. Harding's phenomenal popularity rests on something more than his notorious brusqueness. The propriety of the B.B.C.'s attitude in permitting, if not promoting, such bullying of the "challengers" always seemed to me doubtful. But in less irascible mood he can be simply a richer, more authoritative and informed personality than most others invited—and able—to be themselves on TV. This aspect of Mr. Harding may find wide scope in the new series.

A REMARKABLE performance in the recent production of *The River Line* has been more rapidly rewarded than is often possible. Rosalie Crutchley, whose fierce integrity I have long admired, proved as passionately powerful as Pamela Brown was on the stage in the part of the Resistance leader. On Tuesday Miss Crutchley will be back in the Resistance as Madeleine, the Indian girl parachutist who fell into Gestapo hands.

Miss Crutchley is one of the actresses whose talents seem better appreciated by TV than in the theatre, to the benefit of viewers. Another is Rachel Gurney, who appears in Sunday's play, *Holiday for Simon*, with Olga Lindo and Robert Flemyng. As a TV actor Mr. Flemyng, too, is more honoured, I gather, in the States than at home.

Earlier on Sunday a picturesque-sounding film of Casablanca creeps into the "Cities of Europe" series.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



The gramophone

WARM PURPLE MOOD

TENOR saxophonist Bobby Dukoff graduated as star soloist with the bands of Carl Hoff, Charlie Spivak, Benny Goodman and Jimmy Dorsey, and now with five supporting saxophone players, a rhythm section and two girls and three men of the Ray Charles chorus, he offers something new in mood music. Greatly helped by the arrangements of Charlie Shirely, Dukoff has selected ten tunes for his experiment. Nine of these are well known, the tenth, "Keep Cool," an original calypso by himself, his wife and Shirely.

What exactly has been done with these tunes? They are presented, in the main, with basic melody interwoven with jazz overtones. The singers are used as part of the orchestration at times, and though they sing the lyrics, they seldom sing them all the way through.

THIS effective technique is all part of the mood, which is the kind created in the small hours in the sleepy atmosphere of some dimly-lit night spot at a time when one is most receptive to this kind of lazy, somewhat lush music. The tunes, which include "Body and Soul," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "It's the Talk of the Town," "Let's Do It," "Makin' Whoopee" and "My Melancholy Baby," are mainly played slowly, and though the human voices are introduced with persistent frequency, the focus is on Bobby Dukoff and his tenor saxophone.

In the 'twenties this kind of music was absolutely *de rigueur*, even though it was minus its 1955 trimmings, and with the present-day demand for dim lights, or no lights, for dancing, I suggest that this recording, which Bobby Dukoff calls "Sax in Silk," will meet with much success amongst those who are stepping out in search of the kind of experience for which this selection has been so deftly designed. (H.M.V. DLP. 1077.)

—Robert Tredinnick

At the Pictures

New style of gangster

THERE is a style about 20th Century-Fox's *Violent Saturday* which lifts it above the ordinary gangster film. It is just the story of a bank robbery in a small American town. But it is told against a background of local life and characters which help build up the suspense and, at the same time, provide incidental drama which is interesting and entertaining in itself. The direction of Richard Fleischer and script of Sydney Boehm have a lot to do with it.

From the start we feel something big and nasty is going to happen. That title has to be justified, after all. Bradenville is early established as the sort of small go-ahead American town which, with its copper-mines and farming, is the very sinew of the great Republic.

ENTER three gangsters: Stephen McNally, J. Carroll Naish and Lee Marvin. They are surprisingly attractive gangsters. When relaxing they divert us with their original views on life. There is a midnight soliloquy on women from Lee Marvin, whose hypochondriac wife contracted 200 colds during their brief marriage, leaving him an addict to benzedrine inhalers. Mr. Naish primly insists on impeccable sartorial standards for gangsters on duty. Mr. McNally is angered when his professional skill seems to be questioned by a hostage ("Don't try to teach me my job").

Amusing though it all is one cannot help wondering if this portrayal of bank-robbers as quite likeable chaps is good for the young.

While preparations for the coup go smoothly along we meet the locals. One of the virtues of the film is that however much this holds up the central action it never irritates one or destroys the suspense. Victor Mature, the mine manager, has a problem in his young son, who despises Daddy because he won no war medals. Richard Egan is on the booze because his wife, Margaret Hayes, is having an affair with the head of the Country Club wolf pack. He is consoled, spiritually only, by Virginia Leith, who makes a most fetching nurse and also shows she can act somewhat when faced with the drunken Egan and a furious Miss Hayes.

MISS LEITH is also the quarry of the shy bank-manager, Tommy Noonan, whose Peeping Tom habits expose him to blackmail from customers with overdrafts. These, and sundry others with their problems, are in the bank on the day of the hold-up. After the hold-up it becomes straightforward cops-and-robbers.

There is a new gimmick when the gangsters use Ernest Borgnine's farm as a hide-out. For this occasion screen bad-man Borgnine is good, so good, in fact, that he belongs to a religious sect which forbids





Daniel Gélin, with a load on his conscience, tries to put detective Trevor Howard off the scent in *The Lovers of Lisbon*

him to take life or even to use mechanical gadgets like the telephone.

These handicaps complicate Victor Mature's single-handed battle with the gangsters. However, our witty friends are finally immolated on the proposition Crime Does Not Pay. And, conveniently, their violence has solved some of the domestic problems. Daddy Mature is now his son's hero. Margaret Hayes is liquidated, leaving Richard Egan to Virginia Leith.

It is all agreeably slick and polished, the sort of crime film that Hollywood makes best.

FOR a different brand of crime film turn to Columbia's *Chicago Syndicate*. This is another version, semi-factual, of the destruction of the dire syndicate which spread its tentacles across America after the war.

Dennis O'Keefe is the hero, a police investigator who ingratiates himself with the Syndicate's boss, Paul Stewart, until he has enough evidence to explode the organisation. It is hair-raising stuff, well acted and directed, with the usual final shoot-up.

THE Cameo-Polytechnic is showing a French film, *The Lovers of Lisbon*, directed by Henri Verneuil. But for a salty performance by Trevor Howard as a Scotland Yard detective it would be indistinguishable from numerous other French films concerning naughty lovers in a romantic setting.

The scene is Lisbon, and every opportunity is taken to show us the beauty of the neighbourhood, from the fishing folk on the seashores to the back-street cafés where Amalia Rodriguez sings.

Françoise Arnoul, improbable French widow of wealthy Lord Dinver, is trying to get away from it all after her husband's death. This is understandable, for she murdered him. She is befriended by Daniel Gélin, also getting away from it all because he murdered his wife. Trevor Howard is after Mlle. Arnoul. By painstakingly following her around and breaking down her resistance with his execrable French, he finally gets his woman. His performance makes an otherwise novelettish film quite tolerable at times.

At the Berkeley is *Shan-Po and Ying-Tai*, first feature film from Communist China.

It is a musical version of a classic romance about Ying-Tai, a Chinese girl who persuades her father to let her go to the university disguised as a boy.

No Western critical standards can be applied. The film is so slow that it hurts, and the music and singing are beyond any powers of description. If this is what Mao Tse-Tung gives them, then I can understand why Chiang Kai-shek fights on.

—Dennis W. Clarke



THE DREAM OF A GOLDEN COACH comes partly true for Julie, who wants so badly to see the Queen's Coronation. Seven-year-old Lesley Dudley plays this appealing infant in the new Beaconsfield film, *John and Julie*, in which the grown-up leads are taken by Moira Lister, Noelle Middleton, Wilfrid Hyde-White and Constance Cummings, while John, Julie's twelve-year-old friend, and chief engineer of their hazardous but eventually richly-rewarding trip to London, is played by Colin Gibson. The film will have its West End premiere this month



Miss Jane Martin and Mr. Ian Ley found a picturesque lamplit recess at the stairhead in which to sit out during a break in the dancing

A DANCE AT BEAULIEU ABBEY

MRS. GEORGE CAMPBELL and Mrs. Michael Dilkes gave a very successful dance for their daughters, Miss Caroline Campbell and Miss Myrna Mackenzie, in the Domus—part of the old buildings—of beautiful and historic Beaulieu Abbey, Hampshire. The cloisters of the Domus were floodlit for the occasion and dancing continued until breakfast at 4 a.m.



In a delightful setting of summer flowers the two debutantes for whom the dance was given

Mr. Anthony Beeley and Miss Carol G. among the 250 guests who enjoyed this in an exceptionally beautiful neighborhood



Left: Mr. Donald McIntyre, who was escorting his sister, Miss Ellen McIntyre. Right: Miss Belinda Vaughan and Mr. Gordon Simpson were going back to the ballroom after viewing the floodlit cloisters





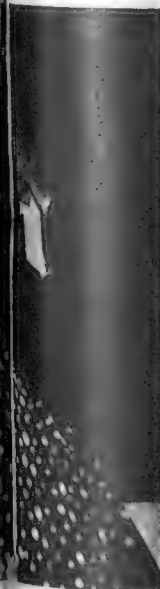
and exotic foliage, Miss Myrna Mackenzie and Miss Caroline Campbell, who was given, awaited the return of their partners with refreshments

Photographs by
Victor Yorke

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Mr. Russell Carver was talking to Miss Sarah Wignall, one of last year's prettiest debutantes, and daughter of Col. "Boy" Wignall

Mr. Edward Hulse, elder son and heir of Sir Westrow Hulse, Bt., of Breamore House, Hants., and debutante Miss Juliet Reynolds



Standing By

W.G.'s magic trousers

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHAT might have been a nasty brawl among Auntie *Times's* little readers on the topic of W. G. Grace's trousers, following a provocative chap's allegation that in the Doctor's day cricketers in general kept their pants up with old club-ties, was nipped in the bud by Auntie's censorship just in time. Quite rightly.

Most cricket-lovers know that the Doctor, scorning belts and braces of all kinds, kept his trousers up by sheer force of moral integrity. Only a few seem to know the secret of his favourite pair, "Steadfast II," now preserved under glass in the Museum at Lord's. Woven by the fairies for the Diamond Jubilee, these pants not merely enabled the Doctor to make himself invisible at will but conferred the magic gift of bilocation, or the ability to be in two places at once. Thus in 1897 he played on the same days at Lord's and at Melbourne. Thenceforth it became a frequent practice.

Looking up Wisden for 1897, we find the comments of the guest-critic for that year are interesting. After discussing the Doctor's simultaneous performance at the wicket in two hemispheres, they conclude:

Ah, mes chéris, ce grand Docteur au pantalon magique—quel type adorable et troublant! Quel croquetteur plein de feu et de mystère! Quel farceur magnifique! C'est mon héros, c'est mon rêve! Vive le Docteur! Vive le Croquet! Vive l'Amour!

MISTINGUETT.

Afterthought

A PHRASE about the Doctor's pulling a snook at the saps ("se fichant assez royalement des poires") seems to show that Wisden's lovely guest-critic had perhaps the wrong idea. This was the MCC's impression likewise. Mr. H. G. J. Cooke Cook-Cooke's claim in the *Badminton Magazine* (July 1898) that these magic pants cured scurvy among the Gentlemen by radiation is not supported by authorities like C. B. Fry and Neville Cardus, we may add.

Sparklers

TWENTY-TWO stones from the Diamond Necklace which brought down the French Monarchy are among the more doom-fraught attractions at the current Marie-Antoinette Exhibition at Versailles, we perceive. Look! Hovering round them can you see the agonised shades of Boehmer and Bassange, Court jewellers, who dropped £64,000 over the affair? For those unfortunate boys our heart also bleeds.

After two centuries of research nobody has yet found the answer to the chief mystery of the Necklace imbroglio—namely why the Cardinal de Rohan, who had secretly arranged to buy it as a present for the Queen, accepted (January 1785) a forged note signed "Marie-Antoinette de France" as genuine. A good modern parallel would be a letter signed "Yours sincerely, the Hon. Rollo Whiffleton, Esq.," and we doubt if more than ten per cent. of you men of affairs would fall for it. Anyway your anguish at parting with dough owing to this

deception would be nothing to that of Messrs. Boehmer and Bassange when the Necklace was swiped by that crook Madame de la Motte. We see them banging their heads against the glass cases and weeping pitifully; maybe hurling inexpensive pieces of silver, such as jamdishes, on the floor in their rage and misery; maybe crowning Mme. Bassange or Mme. Boehmer with a secondhand plated rosebowl.

If you have no feeling for jewellers you won't of course share our sympathy. Possibly those metal grilles with which they guard their windows so ostentatiously offend you. Our information is that such precautions are not taken primarily on your account. Jewellers think you're just fine, but weak about women. You know.

Home

A PRETTY and a useful gift has come to us unexpectedly from what is known to the cognoscenti as The Bank That Never Lets Go Your Sticky Little Hand. It is a coloured rotatory disc-map, showing at a glance where Mother Barclay dispenses her gentle hospitality all over the world, and it kept us quiet for hours.

What it gave us chiefly was that heart-warming sense of a bond of brotherhood with Mother Barclay's other boys in every land. Whatever the actual colour of our faces—brown, pink, yellow, red, black, occasionally ghastly white, or even sickly green—it's still the characteristic Barclay Face, by which we know each other and are known and envied everywhere. Somerset Maugham has oddly missed its significance. Savage rubber-planters stealing home at dusk to catch their wives in a neighbour's arms would never (we fancy) shoot at sight if a typical Barclay face was beaming at them over the girl's left shoulder. Hello, there, old boy! Just tellin' Popsy all about the new branch at Yula-Hula.

In Paris we spend most of our time in Mother's cosy establishment in the Rue du Quatre Septembre, chatting with visiting Barclayans and exchanging the latest branch-news. The Crédit Lyonnais boys on the boulevard nearby are sick-jealous of the atmosphere, so free from the *crimes passionnels* which punctuate French bank-business. "Oh, but you English," they say, shrugging, "you are cold, cold!" It isn't that, of course, it's—well, it's just Home.



BRIGGS~~~~~by Graham

Left: Mr. James Spooner, the Hon. Sarah Rothschild, Mr. Nicholas Greenwell and Miss Catherine Ward were taking cups of chocolate together

Right: Miss Kitza Kazacos, the record singer, was here standing on a table to declare the Regency Restaurant open

"HOT CHOCOLATE!" BECOMES A NEW CRY OF OLD OXFORD

A PLEASANT ceremony took place in St. Giles's, Oxford, when a chocolate bar in the Regency style was opened—first to come to the city. Cocktails were also dispensed at this very agreeable gathering, which was attended by many undergraduates



Miss Rosalind Heveridge and Mr. Alastair Forsyth had come to drink success to the new venture



Mr. Clive Brewer and Miss Audrey Singleton were greatly enjoying the surroundings and company



Miss Nicole Mertz, Mr. James Kynoch and Miss Nadine Mertz were others of the contingent from the University



Miss Pat Sherren, Mr. John Ackroyd and Mr. Michael Allen also found the entertainment most pleasurable

Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

ENDURANCE IN THE SNOWS

WE DIE ALONE, by David Howarth (Collins; 15s.), is a miracle story.

As nothing else can one describe the superhuman survival of Jan Baalstrud, who defied, alone, the eternal snows. He lived to tell the tale—and the tale, as told, is beyond experience as we know it.

Baalstrud was a Norwegian Resistance soldier, who with eleven comrades sailed in a fishing-boat from Shetland, in March 1943, for Arctic Norway. Orders were, to sabotage German air bases. Through a mischance as to contacts, treachery had its way: in the fjord the Germans surprised the party. A hopeless, heroic struggle was put up. Baalstrud, believing his friends dead, made his escape up the frozen heights. Only later did he learn that the rest had been borne off to torture or execution.

From then on begin his wanderings. One must try to envisage the dazzling, hostile nullness of those deserts of snow, pitiless as they were trackless. And no less pitiless was the German grip on thinly-peopled but dauntless northern Norway. Baalstrud was headed for Sweden, one idea only in mind—that of doubling back through the neutral country to Britain: from there he would strike again! . . .

MEANWHILE, Nature struck out at him, at the full and icy pitch of her fury.

Crossing the flank of a peak of the Lyngen Alps, he touched down an avalanche during a storm, was swept in its downrush and fell 300 feet. Concussed, frostbitten and snowblind he staggered onward, lost to sense

of direction, in a delirium which took no count of time. He fell, by chance, against a log-cabin wall.

The women and children in there, in the warmth and light, were to be the first in a chain of friends. . . . As spring went on, the remorseless white nights of the Arctic made concealment from the enemy watch less possible—nor dared the patriots in one hamlet communicate with patriots in another. Waiting in vain for rescue, in an abandoned hut, Baalstrud himself amputated his gangrened toes. The unearthly climax was to be reached when he lay for weeks, as dead, in a grave of snow.

THIS book is not a self-told story. Baalstrud did make his return at last, but to a Britain preoccupied by war, in which there were few to listen, fewer to marvel. This young and modest man, back from the dead, kept his isolating memories sealed up in him, until a friendship was able to draw them out.

Mr. Howarth, on service with the R.N.V.R. in the Shetlands, was second-in-command of the "private navy" of which Baalstrud's original fishing-boat, *Brattholm*, had formed part. In this capacity, he had been in contact with Jan Baalstrud. In Oslo, in 1952, the two met again. It was then that, in a series of talks, the young man's part in the epic was pieced

together. Together, the friends made a journey in which they covered the ground of the happenings of 1943, and visited the witnesses in north Norway. What Baalstrud had not known, or had failed to remember (due to unconsciousness, pain or delirium) was thus filled in. The characters of his helpers, splendid Norsemen and their women, have been able to show, in the completed narrative, their true proportion. The 1952 photographs supply a record of scenes and faces.

Mr. Howarth proves himself an ideal narrator. Over-writing, in this case, could have been fatal: one is grateful for the simplicity of his prose, which is at the same time vital and moving. No discussion or summary of *We Die Alone* can hope to give any idea of the book's worth. The effect upon any reader not totally unimaginative must be immense. Here and there we enter the wildness of true fairy-tale: most of all, I think, with the finale—the stampede of the reindeer.



★ ★ ★
EDITH TEMPLETON'S *THIS CHARMING PASTIME* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.)

is set in the South—Rome, Sicily. The title derives from a rocking-horse song, Roman and fated to haunt the heroine: "Forward and backward, what a charming pastime! Forward and backward, all life is like this." Is a love-affair *un bel, divertimento*? It no doubt should be, but apparently is not.

Our heroine, Helen, a fascinating widow of thirty-five, arrives in Rome—last visited with her husband. Accompanied, this time, by a woman friend, she is pensive, though not to be inconsolable. The city holds disturbing associations, which are set going by the song. Larson, an oil magnate met on the Rome Express, is assiduous, but not yet a solution.

Leaving Ann to take up a job and Larson



WITH A CAMERA IN SOUTH ITALY

"**CAMERA AND CHIANTI**," by Francis Sandwith (Nicholas Kaye; 21s.), covers a six-week excursion through Southern Italy during which the author photographed many aspects of his travels and describes them in a highly individual and entertaining manner. Left: "Storm at Pompeii"; right, "Taranto"



to detain himself with big business, Helen fares forth into Sicily alone. The vicissitudes of a solitary woman tourist, not yet old, have already been feelingly outlined by Mrs. Templeton in a travel book (*The Surprise of Cremona*). One need only add that anything which bothered Mrs. Templeton in a series of comparatively temperate North Italian cities, bothers Helen still more in passionate Sicily. Helen does not, however, run into serious trouble (though of a kind not totally disagreeable) until, in the small Sicilian town of Agrigento, she finds herself in a weird, boarded-up hotel, with two oil prospectors as her sole fellow-guests.

Oil seems determined to haunt the holiday. The hotel is at a distance from Agrigento and, being half-commission, has no restaurant. In the course of a taxi ride into town to dine, Helen acquires Conti (not yet quite sobered by middle-age) and Oriano, a younger dark horse. From then on, she is accompanied by the two during unrestful sightseeing days. . . . Sicily's sinister beauties, broken temples and climatic magic are effectively touched to life; so are local types. Oriano, by whom Helen permits herself to be seduced (though conversationally she prefers Conti) is, in his glum way, also very convincing.

THIS pastime, one feels, could have been more charming had Helen been happier in her choice. As it is, humiliations and boredom are in store for her, and one must admire her irony and equilibrium. The story is less painful than it might be, because some of the incidents described fail to impact on one as they perhaps should. One does not know *enough* about Helen—for Mrs. Templeton is a drastic withholder of information.

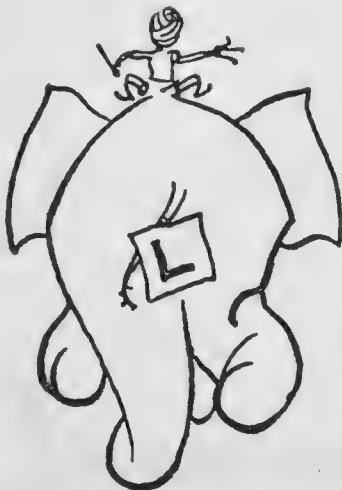
I admit that most novels explain too much: *This Charming Pastime* somehow explains too little. What, for instance, was Helen like when at home? Who, where and what was her late husband? Isolated—as they are in this tale—her capricious adventures seem of unsure proportion: one cannot relate them to her life as a whole. As met, she strikes one as being as hard as nails.

The plot of this novel is summarised (on the inner folds of the jacket) at extreme length: we get an advance analysis of the heroine's changing moods. Is this a good plan? Why is it necessary? Mrs. Templeton is an able, clear and arresting story-teller, whose name is already a guarantee.

★ ★ ★

WITH THE GENTLE HOUSE (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.) Anna Perrott Rose debunks those too many pretentious works of to-day on the subject of child guidance and child psychology. And, best of all, seems to be doing so quite unconsciously. For this book of hers is not a tract but a story, briskly and humorously told, and unmistakably quite true. One could *not* have invented Andris, a twelve-year-old who fits into none of the known categories. Mrs. Rose took a long chance when she gave a home to this hitherto insoluble problem-child: a fierce little Latvian D.P., with whom well-meaning America had so far done little.

Mrs. Rose is America at its best; and so, one feels,



are her handsome, resourceful daughters. In Andris, an unspeakably dreadful past of bombing, massacres, concentration camps was to be combated. Andris yet had to find his feet in the Land of Promise: happily, he thought highly of the Rose household. When upset, however, he screamed for hours together; also, he bit people—or, as one of the Rose girls said, munched them. His evolution into a loving, orderly boy is fascinating to follow. *The Gentle House* is a tribute to old-fashioned methods, warm hearts and common sense.

Mrs. Rose was born in Virginia; her hobbies are

"YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED," by Fougasse and McCullough (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). This diverting guide to road behaviour has been revised in the light of the new Highway Code. Drawings from it are seen here and on the opposite page



Mark Gerson

H. E. BATES, seen in his garden at Little Chart, in Kent, celebrated his fiftieth birthday last month. One of the greatest of English contemporary novelists and short-story writers, H. E. Bates has few equals as an interpreter of the countryside and its inhabitants. His novels have been translated into sixteen languages and his stories widely anthologised. He served with the R.A.F. during the war and some of his finest work, written in his uniquely sensitive prose, have a wartime background. He is married, with two sons and two daughters

swimming, sailing and collecting children and turtles.

★ ★ ★

IN THE CASE OF THE SIX MISTRESSES (Harrap; 10s. 6d.) Brigid Maxwell gives us her first detective story. Decidedly she is to be welcomed in this field. Who dealt the blow to Karl Dickinson, journalist, with a rare but appropriate blunt instrument—his own typewriter? In use, during its owner's lifetime, the instrument had been dangerously sharp-edged: Dickinson, as star columnist of the *Daily Bugle*, had made himself enemies by the score. Also, he was a notorious womaniser.

Two different, equally promising lines of investigation thus offer themselves to Detective Inspector Stacpoole (a mild sleuth whom I hope we shall meet again) and his unofficial ally FitzOliver, feature editor of the *Daily Bugle*. The ladies interviewed are good types, with one or two exceptions: Karl Dickinson had, on the whole, fared better than he deserved.

Let not the striking title of this book lead you to imagine it will be lurid. Miss Maxwell's sense of people is sane and kindly. And her plot is excellent.

MISS SHEILA VAN DAMM, winner of the Ladies Cup at this year's Monte Carlo Rally and Britain's number one woman driver, is the youngest daughter of the impresario of the Windmill Theatre, Vivian Van Damm. Her achievements in motor rallies during the last few years have been remarkable for a member of either sex



Paul Tanqueray

Motoring

The 24-hour tune

Oliver Stewart



LE MANS is upon us ; and if the bookings on the boat- and air-ferris are a guide there will be a larger contingent of British visitors than ever before. Probably the ferry figures are influenced also by the Paris Salon de l'Aéronautique which opens on Friday (June 10th), but it is a fair guess that most of those taking their cars with them are bound for Le Mans rather than for Le Bourget.

Whatever happens in the race, we can be sure of one thing ; that all those who come back next week from Le Mans will be readily identifiable, for they will all be humming the same tune ! It is extraordinary the way in which the popular French air plugged by the loudspeakers round the course sticks. And one only has to hear the tune afterwards for the magic atmosphere of the 24-hours to be immediately evoked.

It is a pity that those who are opposing the plans to open a road course in England cannot be persuaded to go to Le Mans. They would then see that a big road race does not "spoil" the countryside but, in some ways, helps to preserve it. They would also see why it is that no artificial circuit can ever make such an interesting course as a bit of the ordinary highway.

Now that the election is over, one may be permitted to wonder what effect upon the candidates was produced by the rather sporadic and hesitant roads and fuel tax propaganda. My own impression was that the demand for a reduction in fuel tax met with little response, while the demand for new and better roads is accepted almost equally by all parties. In fact there are few subjects on which there is such general agreement, and that is why it is difficult to explain how it has come about that so little has been done.

Repeatedly the effect on the national economy of bad, congested roads is pointed

out. Everybody accepts the truth of the contention. Everybody urges that "something should be done about it" ; but the years pass and nothing effective is done. To-day we have the Minister of Transport's assurance that a start is to be made on building better roads. But you can still drive all over the country and find only silly and unnecessary patching-up in hand.

Highway authorities love to tinker with the roads ; to introduce super-elevation where there is no pressing need for it ; to lay down kerb-stones which, by preventing an emergency swerve on to the grass, increase the dangers of driving, cost much money and—while the work is in progress—contribute to congestion.

It has recently been revealed that a large proportion of those who fail in their driving tests do so because the examiner is of the opinion that they are not using their driving mirrors correctly. It is a point of importance. For those people who think that sticking a hand out absolves them from making sure that they are not turning

across following traffic, are a perpetual source of trouble.

At the same time, there is a case for placing larger emphasis upon the movements of the car itself as a signal. Correct course keeping can give as clear an idea of a driver's intentions as hand flapping, and can do much to obviate those very dangers which mirror-watching is designed to anticipate. Thus, if a driver is proposing to turn right into a side street, he should allow his vehicle to drift into the right lane of traffic while it is gently slowing down, until it finally comes to rest close to the middle of the road and, preferably, with front wheels somewhat locked over.

If there were no signals and no mirrors the intentions of a driver who went through this procedure would be perfectly plain, and there would be almost no risk of any following vehicle trying to overtake at the wrong moment. There cannot be too much emphasis upon the form of signalling which is implicit in the movements of the car. It is the safest and best form there is.

THAT was a bold step by Victor Britain to publish a gastronomic guide to Great Britain. Complaints have often been made that there are no reliable indications of the quality and costs of the various roadside inns and hotels, and anything that helps to repair the position and to give us a clear and honest report must be welcomed. I have not yet made a personal check upon the information given in this guide, but I shall do so at an early opportunity. Meanwhile, I think we may safely assume that the small party of people who made the tests on which the guide is based, can be relied upon for good judgement.

Improvements in our hotels and inns will be brought about as much by giving credit where it is due as by criticising. Those who find good fare and good service on the road should make it a matter of duty to pass on the information to others.

RECENTLY the Standard Motor Company has introduced some styling changes in its 8-h.p. saloon. This is the car that was previously known as the "basic model." It is now to be called the Standard Eight Family Saloon, and among the changes are press-button door handles and self-cancelling flashing-type traffic indicators. From June 1st the family saloon will be listed at £359. When purchase tax is taken in, the total will be £509 14s. 2d., so that there is a difference in price of a little over £28, compared with the earlier model. The deluxe saloon remains in the list and is priced, with tax, at £538 os. 10d.

The Standard Eight is a car which has made its mark exceptionally quickly and which has not only gained popularity in its own right but also as a second car for those who like a quick and handy runabout as a supplement to a larger model.

A broadside view of the Standard Eight Family Saloon, which Oliver Stewart describes above





Above: Miss Julia Varley, Mr. D. Wallace, Miss S. Bodley-Scott and Mr. P. Agar. Right: 2nd Lt. J. Jones, Miss M. Vincent, Capt. A. Webster and Mrs. Webster



*The TATLER
and Bystander
JUNE 8, 1935
597*



Miss Caroline Crompton-Inglefield and Lt. Norman Cosgrave were closely inspecting a ship's bell

H.A.C. BATTERY'S ARMOURY DANCE

"C" BATTERY of the 1st Regiment H.A.C. gave a dance at Armoury House, Finsbury. It was attended by some 300 members of the Battery and their guests. This gay and well-run event continued until 2 a.m.

Below left: Lt. Basil Bicknell and Miss Heather Harwood having their cards examined by a gunner. Right: Miss Jean Eaton dancing with Lt. F. Thorne, London Scottish



Mrs. Lincoln with Lt.-Col. A. G. P. Lincoln, M.C., C.O. the 1st Regt., and Miss Dornie Smith-Pert with Capt. D. S. Walker



Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lee were sitting-out during a break in the excellent programme of dances



French Cotton in a Double Role

Enables you to mix
business with pleasure

A PARTICULARLY charming two-piece suit from Fortnum and Mason is our choice this week. Tailored in a very fine crease-resisting French cotton, pale blue with a black pattern, it makes a useful and businesslike suit for any luncheon or afternoon date, whilst the dress underneath, worn alone, becomes the prettiest of short dinner frocks. Above, you see the dress worn without the jacket. Notice the neat fit of the long boned bodice and pretty square neck. The very full skirt is worn over a stiffened petticoat

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

This scoop-shaped hat of coarse black straw is one of those styles wildly becoming to that large majority of women who need width about their headgear



This double-purpose dress and jacket is priced at £31 10s. The black straw hat, also from Fortnum and Mason, costs 12 gns.

Armstrong Jones



Simpson's elegantly narrow two-piece suit in a beige and mauve silk mixture material has a wide scooped-out neck edged with a narrow ruffle of mauve tulle. The charming Gaby Louise hat of mauve Baku straw is trimmed with white organza. The car is a Humber Super Snipe



REGAL TOUCH FOR

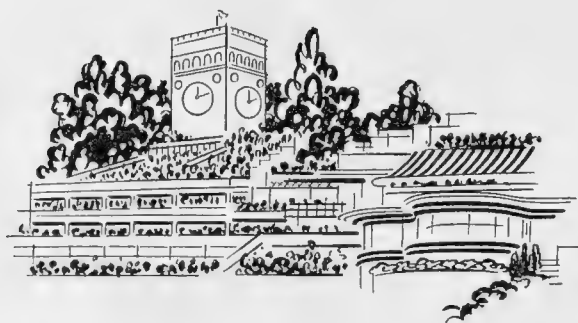


THE name "Ascot" evokes at once (writes Mariel Deans) a composite picture of hydrangeas, grey top hats, tree-shaded paddocks, band music, the picture book charm of the Royal Drive down the racecourse, and sunshine, golden sunshine, flooding down over wonderful Ascot toilettes

ROYAL ASCOT

This three-piece suit from Margaret Barry is made of fir-green and white Matalassé and consists of a sleeveless, halter-necked blouse (right) and a simple well-cut jacket and straight skirt (above right). The white chip straw coolie hat is also supplied by Miss Barry





A BOX AT THE RACES

THE nature of Ascot fashions has changed more than the Royal Enclosure during the last twenty years, with the total replacement of the picture frocks of the twenties by well-tailored silk suits and two-pieces. The man's outfit in these photographs is by Moss Bros., of Covent Garden



*Continuing
Royal Ascot*



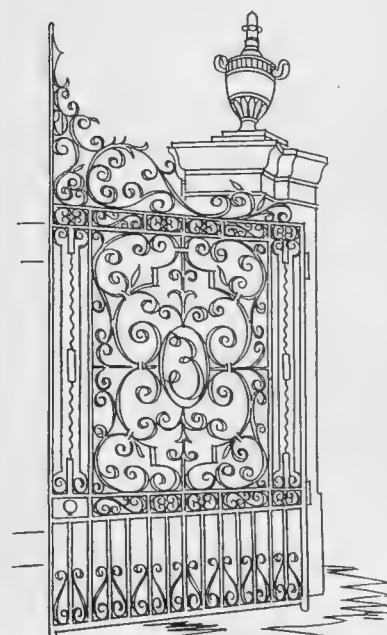
Right and above: A wonderful flower-sprinkled, silver grey jumper suit from Liberty of Regent St. Its high-bosomed bodice, very long and shaped out over narrow hips to a tremendously full skirt, shows a particularly pretty example of the A-line. The grey silk straw hat is also from Liberty



Above: From Harvey Nichols, this suit of white broderie Anglaise mounted on golden brown taffeta, and the little beige and white hat trimmed with long pheasants' feathers



Left: This pretty turquoise blue silk and wool mixture dress comes from the Heim Jeune-Fille department at Harrods'. The hat, of red-brown straw also a Jeune-Fille model is by Gilbert Orcel



Georges Maiteny



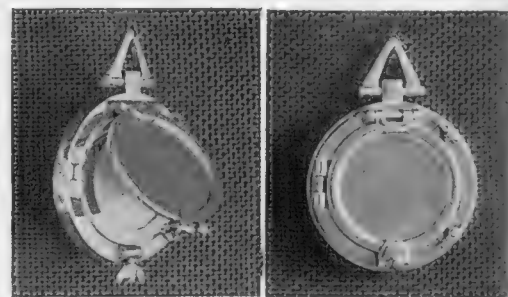
Belts that bring beauty to the party frock. Red velvet and pearls 24s. Black velvet with zodiac signs £1 15s. Red velvet embroidered £1 11s. Dickins and Jones

Below: Red leather combination set. It consists of a vanity case, cigarette case and lipstick £7 12s. 6d. Marshall and Snelgrove, Perfumery Department

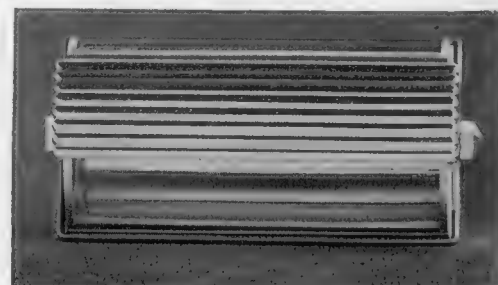
For an evening occasion

LIGHT-HEARTED, colourful and gay, these charming accessories have a festive air well suited to summer evening parties

— JEAN CLELAND

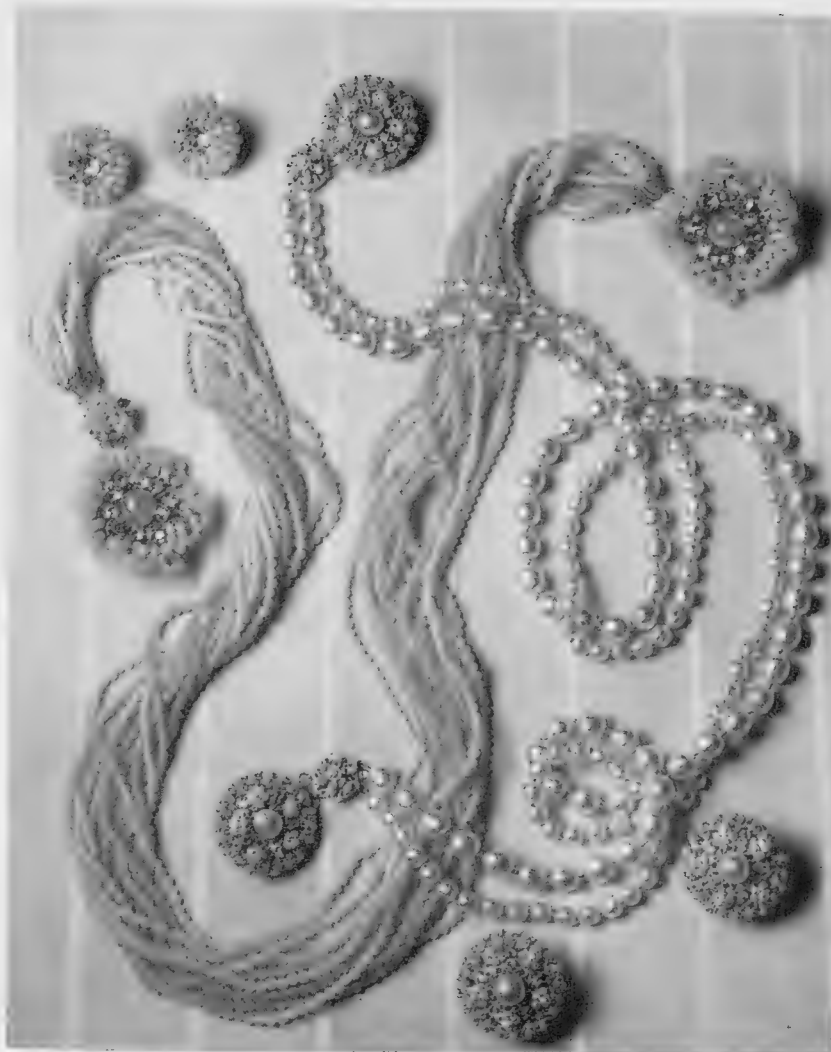


Views in actual size (above) of an 18-ct. gold photograph locket of "Port-hole" design. Cartier, £56. (below) Cylindrical gold box with compartments for saccharine tablets. Cartier, £60

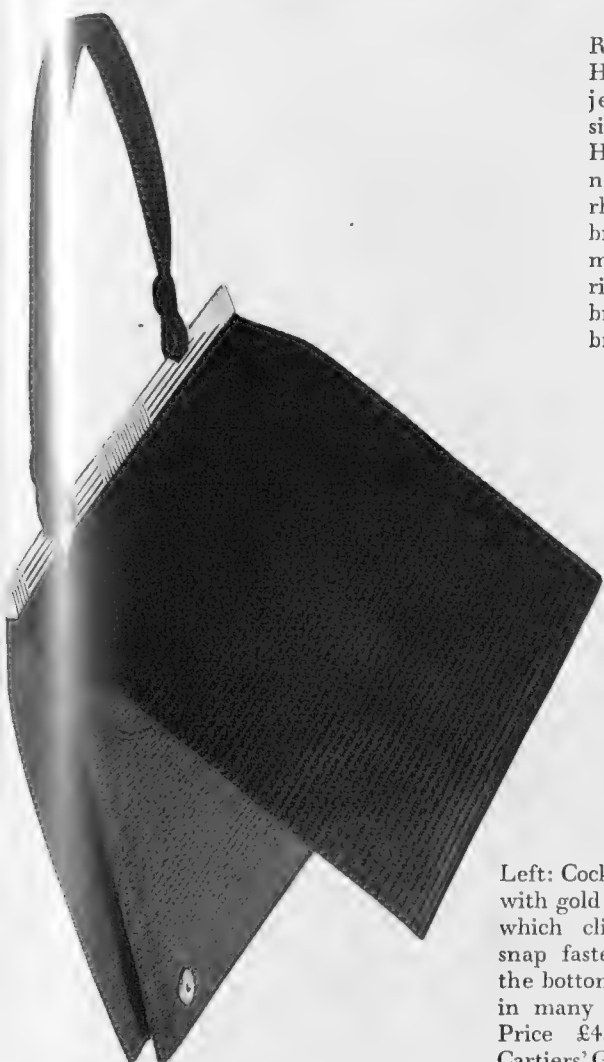




Left: A compact of supreme elegance for very special occasions, £5 15s. 6d. Marshall & Snelgrove, Perfumery Dept.



Right: New jewellery exclusive to Harvey Nichols. Bead necklet, £28 7s. Barque pearl necklet, £55 12s., both with detachable ends to make brooches, and matching earrings



Left: Cocktail bag with gold fittings, which clips with snap fasteners at the bottom. Made in many colours. Price £45 from Cartiers' Gift Dept



Right: More Harvey Nichols jewellery, designed by Miriam Haskell. White necklet with rhinestones, with brooch-ends and matching earrings, £24 3s. brooch, £15 2s. 6d. bracelet, £12 12s.

Beauty

Home treatments

Jean Cleland

IT is always pleasant to welcome back old friends who have been away, and it was with very real pleasure that I attended a party at the Savoy given by the beauty firm of Harriet Hubbard Ayer to celebrate their return to England. Before the war, these products were widely known over here, and extremely popular with a large public. I have no doubt that a great number of people will be pleased to hear that after an absence of some years from the English market, they are now available again. The range of creams, lotions and make-up is exceptionally wide, and created to take care of all types of skin, including individual problems such as crow's feet and puffiness round the eyes, wrinkles, little blemishes in the way of blotches or small pimples, sallow complexion, and so on.



MANY people have written to me expressing interest in the various salon treatments I have been describing lately. Others who live at a distance, and are seldom able to get to town, have asked for advice about how they can deal with various beauty problems at home. For them, the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Home Treatments should be extremely useful, as they are easy to follow, and can be done with preparations specially designed for home use.

Take, for instance, the case of a skin that is looking discoloured and inclined to be sallow. For these there is a "Strawberry Treatment," which, made from fresh strawberries, is wonderfully stimulating. The method is simple. First cleanse the skin and then smooth on the "Strawberry Cream." Leave for about twenty minutes, then remove, and follow by patting all over the face with a pad of cotton wool soaked in "Strawberry lotion." This treatment has an extremely freshening effect on the skin and should be done about three times a week until the colour is improved.

WHAT I call the "problem" skins, such as the ultra-sensitive, the very oily, and the "mixed skin" are all provided for with special preparations to be used in a daily routine.

Sensitive skin. Overnight, after cleansing the

face, pat in "Special Oil," and leave on till morning. This is vegetable oil which contains Anthemine and vitamin F, and is exceptionally soothing. It is very good for clearing up the little rough patches which so often occur in a skin of this kind. In the morning, after cleansing again, tone with "Facial Lotion," and then massage with "Special Cream." Work this in until it has disappeared, then make-up as usual.

OILY skin. Cleanse with Ayer liquid make-up remover, designed to sink right into the pores, and draw out impurities. Tone with "Special Astringent," which closes the pores, and removes excessive oil. Next, massage with "Night Cream," or if the face is inclined to be wrinkled, with Tissue Cream. Before retiring, remove the cream with a clean towel or tissues.

Three times a week, give the skin a scrubbing treatment with the Harriet Hubbard Ayer complexion brush, made with soft nylon bristles to avoid any risk of irritation. For this there is a special "Cream Soap," which should be scrubbed in with circular movements. Finish by rinsing the face and applying a little "Ayerol" all over it. In the morning, after cleansing with a quick acting liquid make-up remover, tone with "Special Astringent."

Mixed Skin. Cleanse with liquid make-up

remover, and tone with a mildly astringent "Skin Lotion." Massage with Night Cream or Tissue Cream (this is better for the older woman), and three times a week give the greasy part of the face the "scrubbing treatment," and apply the "Ayerol."

Young girls often ask me for advice with regard to little blemishes such as spots, blotches, and sometimes blackheads. For these impurities there is an excellent "Purificative Lotion" which should be patted in on a wad of cotton-wool after a good scrubbing with the "Cream Soap." "Ayerol" should be applied at night, and a film left on until the morning.

THE older woman who is bothered with wrinkles will find that they can be wonderfully smoothed out with a biological beauty treatment called "Embryogen," which, by acting on the tissues of the skin and stimulating the circulation, helps to revive the cells.

For those who are slimming, and want something to hasten the process, there is "Biological Cream" which can be used with massage either on the face or the body.

These are only some of the problems which can be effectively dealt with at home, by means of the various preparations I have mentioned. The methods are all very simple, and, if followed carefully, bring excellent results.





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of authority

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Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys jacket of kidskin

DINING OUT

Cheese on draught and in season

LONDON's first Cheese Bar has been opened on the first floor of L'Apéritif in Jermyn Street, and very smart it is. You get a choice of nine of the great English cheeses, subject to the season and their availability, and eleven of the best of the Continental, and you get as much as you want for 3s. 6d. There is an extensive *hors d'œuvres* on a table where you help yourself for 6s. 6d.—helping yourself at your leisure is the only way you ever get an *hors d'œuvres* you really like.

Apart from this, they have two Specials per day: on my last visit they were Quiche Lorraine and Flan Forestière. To drink there is lager, Guinness, red and white wine by the glass or the carafe, and port for the cheese; Crofts 1927 at 6s. per glass and Hunts Tawny at 4s.

Another new arrival is the Grill Room at the Connaught Hotel in Carlos Place opened in the true Connaught tradition with no banging of drums. It is small; no effort has been made to pack it to capacity; the tables are widely spaced and you can have your grills or whatever you desire of fine quality, with your conversation undisturbed.

NEW, anyway for me, was attendance at a lunch party where our host served liqueur rum with the coffee, and very smooth it was, with its own distinctive flavour and not at all pungent. It turned out to be "Rhum Saint-James," well known in France, and now available over here. It comes from Martinique and is prepared directly from the pure juice of the sugar cane. It is above average in strength, being 82 deg. proof.

Another late arrival is the super-Hamburger Parlour called "The Wimpy" at the Coventry Street Corner House in Piccadilly. In the States this would probably be called a "Hamburger Heaven" and if any of our visitors from the U.S.A. feel at all homesick they only have to dive through

DINING IN

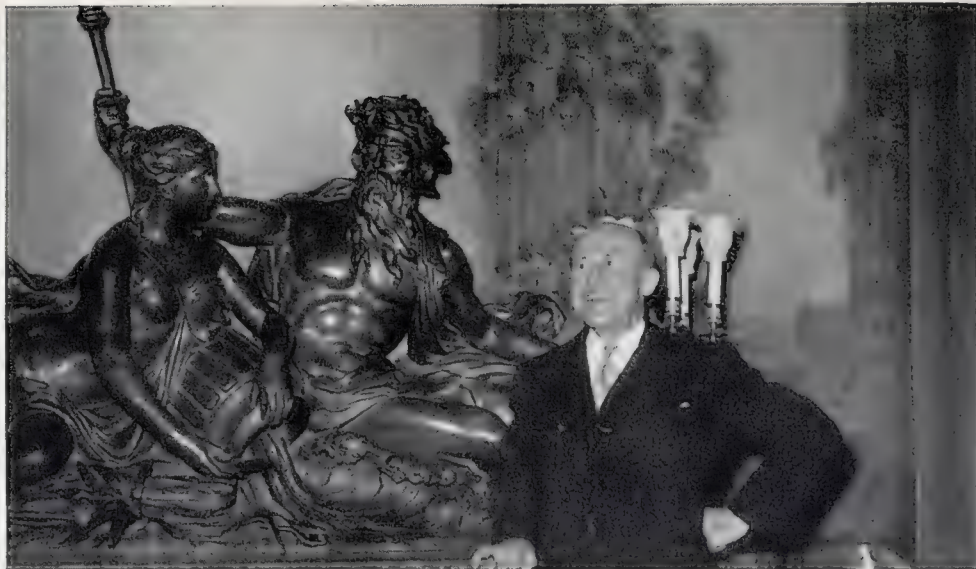
An oceanic treasure

IF ever there was a fish despised, it is the gurnet. Equally, if ever there was a fish which should be appreciated by lovers of good food, it is this one, because, with its beautiful firm flesh, it is one of the best flavoured we have.

Writing lyrically of gurnets, one chef says: "If it were possible to see these fish (the red variety) in their native sphere, the deep rocky parts of the sea, and watch them in their sporting gambols as the sun shines upon them, a more beautiful and fanciful sight it would be scarcely possible to conceive."

At the fishmonger's, however, out of its element as it were, the gurnet is a fearsome fish. There are two varieties—the red and the grey—and each has an enormous unsightly broad flat head, which it can hold up with any of the much more costly fish. Despite the inevitable waste of the large head, gurnets, at 1s. 6d. a pound, are still most economical to buy. Just now, they are coming in jumbo sizes. One, which I bought for 5s. 6d., provided five good portions—such sweet flesh, with its glistening firm flakes, which some people think resembles lobster but which I prefer to look upon as being only like itself.

How to cook it? Always (if I can) I grill fish and, even with its finely tapered body, a gurnet grills perfectly. The fishmonger will remove the head and split the fish for you. Melt a little butter in the grill pan and lay the gurnet flat, skin side down, in it. At once, turn it over so that, without any bother, both sides are given the



Ivon de Wynter

MACK OF THE RITZ claims that after Charles of Claridge's he has served more Royalty than any other manager in London. He was born in Lausanne and has been with the Metropole at Monte Carlo, Cairo's famous Shephard's and many Swiss hotels. His chief hobby is motoring

the door to be back home, though they may miss the music. I think this sort of establishment calls for some soft jazz, Charlie Kunz, or the sort of music we had in *South Pacific*, as a background.

It has a very slick kitchen right in the middle cooking "Wimpys" by the dozen; incidentally, the Wimpy is America's most famous hamburger, and makes very good eating. You can also get Torpedoes, Yankees, Aunt Mary's Cheese Cake and Whippy (a thick ice-cold milk shake) and, if you are not careful, indigestion! Just to put the lid on the affair all the waitresses' dresses were designed by Hardy Amies.

OLD in its history as a club but entirely new in its decoration and direction is the Wellington Club in Knightsbridge, now run by Victor Ledger, who was for eleven years at the Albany Club.

There is a completely panelled and extremely attractive bar on the ground floor which is open

from twelve noon till 4 p.m. and from 6 p.m. onwards, and has a background of piano music in the evening. They serve luncheons from twelve o'clock and you can dine or have supper from six till midnight in the gallery restaurant or round the dance floor below—dancing starts at eight-thirty.

CUISINE can best be described as Continental or even international. French and Italian predominate but American visitors are not forgotten, the words "broiled" and "rare" being familiar terms to the *maitre chef*, Michael Levy; in fact, a recent visitor from Turkey found no difficulty, having explained what she wanted, in getting some Turkish dishes every day.

There is an adequate and reasonably priced wine list, the most expensive being champagne; for example, Krug '47 and Charles Heidsieck '47 at 50s. a bottle, and a selection of many Bordeaux and Burgundies, red and white, at around £1 a bottle.

—I. Bickerstaff



THE FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT, opened at Fortnum and Masons last month. This new restaurant in a luxurious setting in the heart of the shopping centre serves such appetizing dishes as Knickerbocker Glory, game pie, "Hungry Boy" sandwich and York ham

desired coating of fat. Start cooking at a fairly high heat then, after a shortish time, turn the fish and grill the other side. At this point, I add a little more butter, which bathes the surface of the gurnet while it grills. Season with salt.

ONCE both sides have become a golden brown, reduce the heat a little, add a tablespoon or so of boiling water to the pan and baste the fish with the delicious "juice" which, in itself, serves as a very pleasing sauce. Or melt another nice lump of butter in a pan and heat until it becomes slightly gold and takes on a faint nutty aroma. Add a few drops of lemon juice. Sprinkle the gurnet on its serving platter with chopped parsley and pour the nutty butter over it.

A gurnet can also be poached in a *court bouillon*,

skinned and boned, then coated with aspic, made easily from aspic powder or crystals. Poach gurnet, too, as if it were sole, in water, a glass of dry white wine, several mushroom stalks and salt to taste. Reduce the strained stock to the amount required for a sauce. Crumble into it a little *beurre manié* (butter and flour kneaded together), bring to the boil then pour it over the skinned and boned gurnet.

ANY left-over cooked gurnet can be flaked and used in fish salads. It is one of those very inexpensive fish which, served on one day, leaves one's conscience easy about a certain extravagance later in the week.

—Helen Burke



Packed with pleasure

Player's please



*“Hampton’s
new shop is
a delight!”*

To avoid the expensive hit-and-miss way of learning about furniture, visit Hamptons new shop in Bond Street. Here you will find men with experience to guide you in the choice of furniture, colour schemes and accessories. Hamptons have very favourable hire purchase terms too, with the added assurance that, if death intervenes, all outstanding payments are cancelled. Whether your furnishing taste be for Period, Contemporary or Traditional, you can buy with confidence from Hamptons.

HAMPTONS

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● DIVAN SETS & BEDDING

The leading makes of Interior Spring Mattresses will be found in the fine permanent display in our new showrooms including MULTI-SPRING, REX, SLUMBERLAND, SOMNUS, STAPLES, VI-SPRING also DUNLOPILLO.

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THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Fayer

Miss Aileen G. Wilson, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. T. Urie Wilson, of The Knowe, Strathaven, Lanarkshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Nicholas P. Newall, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Newall, of Rowallen, Bearsden, Dunbartonshire, Scotland



Norton Pratt

Miss Diana P. R. Platt, youngest daughter of Professor Sir Harry Platt, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Lady Platt, of Rusholme Gardens, Manchester, is engaged to Mr. Robin Gwynne Jennings, eldest son of the late Cdr. A. F. de B. Jennings, R.N., and of Mrs. Jennings, of Eyre Court, London, N.W.8



Pearl Freeman

Miss Brinda Glenys Morse-Evans, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. T. G. Morse-Evans, of Wincombe, Glos., is shortly to marry Major Patrick S. D. Griffin, R.A., son of Sir Arthur and Lady Griffin, of Pulborough, Sussex



Bassano

Miss Prudence Caroline Davies, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. D. Davies, of Field House, Otterburn, Northumberland, is engaged to Sir Charles Reginald Francis Morrison-Bell, Bt., of Tasset, Hexham, Northumberland

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THEY WERE MARRIED



Bond—Wilson (left). The wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Major Alan George Bond, 1st King's Dragoon Guards, son of Major and Mrs. G. E. Bond, of Little Thatch, Kilkhampton, Cornwall, and Miss Fiana Margaret Anne Wilson, daughter of Dr. A. G. Wilson, M.C., of Radlett, Herts, and of Mrs. J. P. Hunt, of Ard-grianach, Haslemere, Surrey



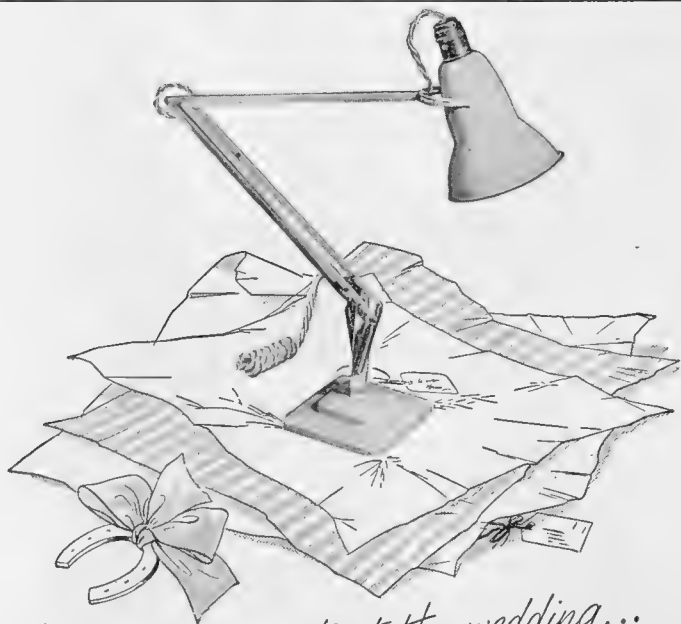
Clarke—Stewart-Todd (above). Mr. Louis Defrance Stephenson Clarke, son of the late Brig.-Gen. Goland Clarke, and of Mrs. Goland Clarke, married at the Savoy Chapel, Miss Julia Stewart-Todd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stewart-Todd and granddaughter of the late Mr. George Todd, I.S.O.



Doyle—Stevenson-Hamilton. Major Peter Doyle, the Irish Guards, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. J. Doyle and of Mrs. Francis Drummond, married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, Miss Anne Stevenson-Hamilton, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Stevenson-Hamilton, of Fairholm, Larkhall, Lanarkshire, and White River, Eastern Transvaal



Sadler—Swinburne (right). Mr. T. Malcolm Sadler, of Newcastle upon Tyne, married Miss Lalage Swinburne, LL.B., daughter of Col. H. L. Swinburne, T.D., D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Swinburne, of Lane Dykes, Hexham, Northumberland, at Hexham Abbey



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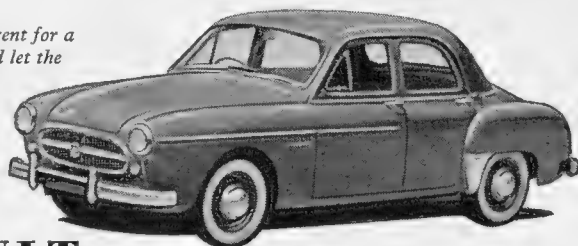
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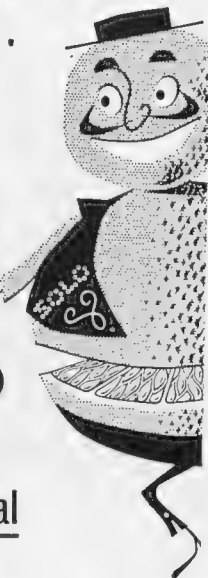
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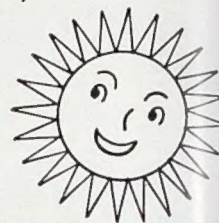
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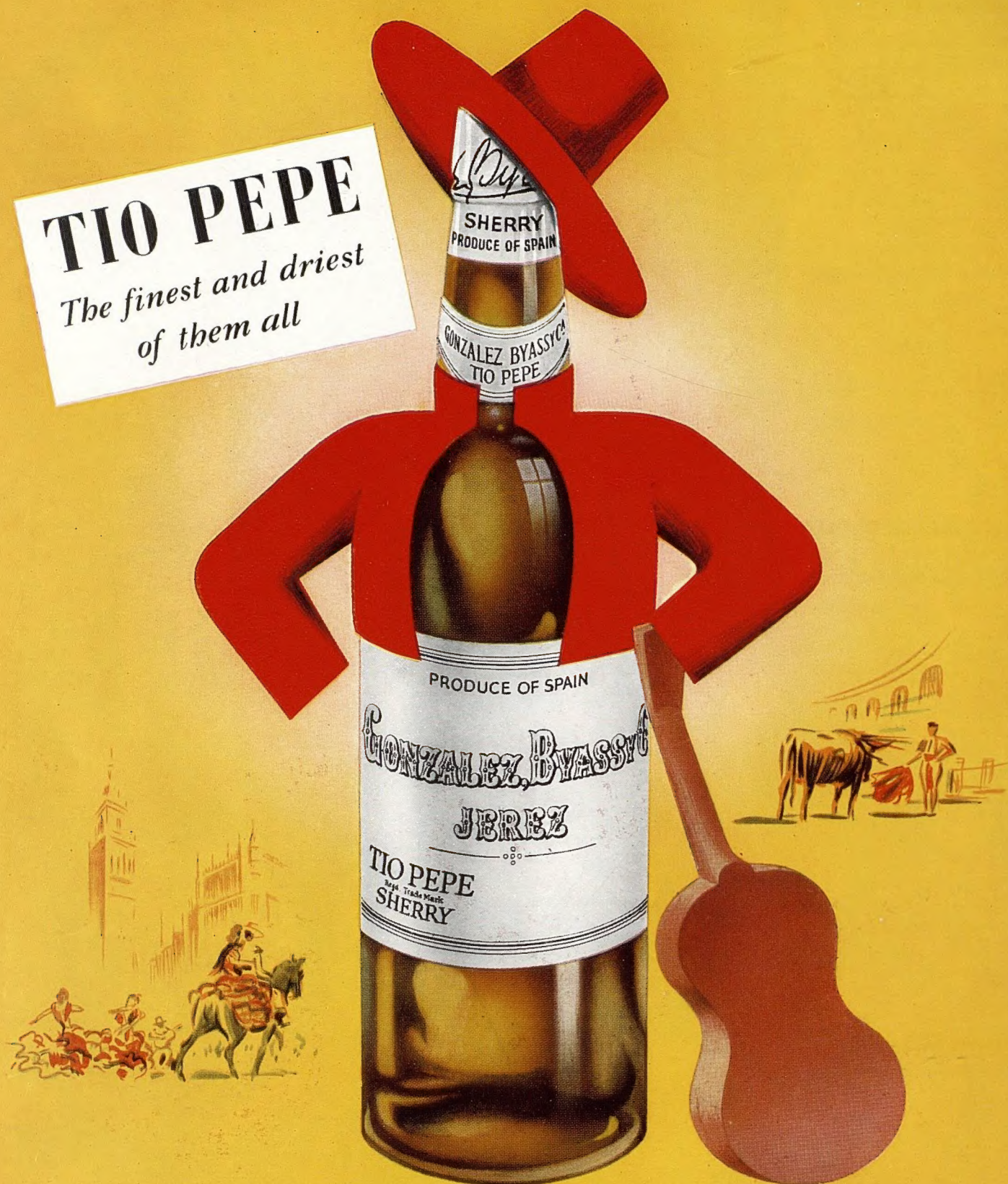
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